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The SPHERE
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THE QUEEN IN NIGERIA—HER MAJESTY IS WELCOMED TO LAGOS BY OBA ADENIJI ADELE II, THE PRESIDENT OF THE TOWN COUNCIL: They are leaving the pavilion at the Igbobi road junction, where the Oba had presented a loyal address at the municipal boundary to the capital of the Federation of Nigeria. He is known as the "King of Lagos" and his family have ruled there for 260 years. In his address he spoke of the benefits brought to Lagos by the British.

From the moment the Argonaut airliner carrying the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh touched down at Ikeja Airport, the people of Nigeria started on their boisterous, joyous welcome to the first British reigning monarch to visit them. The Royal couple were greeted by the Governor-General, Ministers, foreign Consular representatives and numerous other officials. On the thirteen-mile drive by car, crowds gathered in the villages cheered wildly and ran alongside the road without impeding the procession. At the entrance to Lagos, the Oba Adeniji Adele II was waiting with many local notables. All of them were in robes and head-dresses of many colours, which added to the spectacle. After the official welcome, the procession went on into Lagos amid scenes of ever-increasing enthusiasm. In the evening a State dinner was held in Government House. On the next day, Sunday, the Royal couple attended service in Lagos Cathedral. It was relayed to vast crowds outside. The Duke of Edinburgh read the lesson. (Further pictures from Nigeria are on pp. 158–59.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCXXIV, No. 2921. February 4, 1956

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:
195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Postage Rates for this Issue—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

LONDON SCOTS CELEBRATE BURNS' DAY—THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S DINNER AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT IN LONDON ON JANUARY 25, 1906. The retiring President of the Society, Colonel Young (left centre), crosses dirks with Mr. Hepburn during a ceremony at the dinner at which he was presented with a jewel. Colonel Young, preceded by a piper and mace-bearer and accompanied by other past Presidents of the Society, went up to the chair, crossed dirks with Mr. Hepburn, and had the jewel pinned on his coat by Miss Hepburn (standing, extreme right). At the 1906 celebrations of Burns' day some of the speakers at the various gatherings pointed out that the celebration day that year had gained unusual significance from the return of so many Labour Members in the General Election. They claimed this represented the doctrine, "a man's a man for a' that."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Fighting Premier.—The Premier, before his departure to America, made two public appearances, well advertised in advance; at Bradford and on TV. The highest hopes of his supporters were perhaps not all realised. He came across, but perhaps rather dimly at the back of gallery and pit. Myself, I took comfort in some of his remarks and found excuses for the hopes he left unfulfilled. He had heard, and he recognised the importance of, a nation-wide demand for an example from the top in curtailing Government expenditure. He handed at a late hour his little axe to Mr. Macmillan and ordered him to use it to a further limited extent. *Vox populi* has made itself heard. If the axe is used to cut out work redundant or unjustifiable to-day, the reduction in personnel would be easy in the Civil Services. Then again, he took note of the criticism that he has spent too little time on home affairs and too much on international. He reversed that proportion in his speeches and made it plain that he does not disregard the journalists. In the fact that once again he failed to be specific or detailed about the means by which, if necessary, he would combat inflation, we accepted the excuse that he could not anticipate the April Budget. It is true that twice before, when another Chancellor was preparing budgets, he made our flesh creep with hints of secret and unpopular weapons which he "would not hesitate to use," if required, and still he has not unlocked the armoury door; still hopes he need not. On the good side again, he accepted the public's distaste for the party-political broadcast and avoided that schoolboy device. I was sure he would do so. He might have been more forthright in condemnation of restrictive practices and narrow-mindedness in industry, and might have shown more faith in the backing behind him not only from the general public, but from many leading unions. But no doubt to grasp that thorn needs more than a velvet glove. If some of us felt less confidence than he in the measures already taken to curb inflation, we must remember that premiers are human beings and differ in character. If he can pull us out of our present jam, he may yet rank high among our premiers. But the time is short, and shorter than he appears to realise. I have only twice in my life made use of our TV set. The first was for a cricket match. The second was the Premier's broadcast. The reception was as good as the delivery, but the speaker looked both frail and tired, as well he might; but probably the apparatus exaggerated these phenomena.

Meeting Wage Claims.—Whenever I read or listen to experiences, told with restraint, of men engaged in this or that industry, I realise how wrong it is for a layman to generalise or pronounce on questions of fair wages for the job, of overtime, of monopolies, of restrictive practices, and so on. I am even less inclined to accept ministerial pronouncements that all classes to-day are better off than ever before in history. I am myself well over the age when in most trades men retire on pensions or otherwise draw small doles from the Welfare State. My trade has never made me a fortune, but it is a feather-bed trade compared with most, and since I am debarred either from pension or any form of welfare dole or old age pension, I drive on at it into my dotage, from economic necessity. (And partly because I should be bored stiff without a job.) That said, I coolly consider the problem of rising costs and rising wages. There are claims for higher pay pending in half a dozen great industries. The cost of living still rises and our trade balance still gives concern. And now the Transport Commission has made a generous concession of a 7 per cent. increase in wages to railway workers (with other advantages), and most people consider it was a wise and just offer. It will help to remove bitterness and a sense of frustration from the workers, and perhaps smooth the way to those vast improvements which the railways certainly need. But it will cost £25,000,000. Always when the claims are conceded, the authorities make the condition that the workers must respond with greater productivity or output. "Productivity" has a different sense in railway work than in coal-winning or putting out cars or what not. But it means something—safety, efficiency, smooth working, punctuality, safety for goods carried, and so on.

Forgotten Principles.—Very well, I abandon sweeping generalisations. I am too ignorant about any trade beyond my own. But I still believe there exists a common yardstick by which to measure up all industrial and economic problems, very big or very small. I still believe that nursery maxims guide and govern alike international and parish-pump questions, such as eating your cake and having it, honesty being the best policy, two sides to every bargain, rights balanced by responsibilities, and so on. And this is my headache. It seems to me that the state in which this country finds itself to-day can never be put right until forgotten principles are found again and put into use. The law must be obeyed, the pledged word honoured, elected leaders must be enabled to command discipline, rebels and rotters must be punished. There are two accepted slogans to-day which seem to have been carried so far as to make these conditions impossible. One is mass loyalty to a fellow worker, sometimes expressed in the form of "no victimisation." The other the fetish of "full employment." Both are admirable in themselves, but I cannot believe that either can be acceptable or endurable or workable carried to such excess that a man who fails in his duty through neglect, carelessness, disobedience or incompetence must not be victimised and is to escape punishment through the support of his fellows by strike action or threat. I would go further and say that no man judged redundant should be kept on at his job by the same blackmail. If full employment means anything useful, it means that the essential jobs crying out to be done should be filled and the redundant, unnecessary, uneconomic jobs ruthlessly pruned. How can it be done? For my part, these evils seem so deep-seated that I despair of an early solution.

The Dilemma.—Whether Sir Anthony is physically robust or no, his decisions in the next few months must be robust and bold almost to ruthlessness. Parliament is sitting again and the fight is on, and his lieutenants are said to be spoiling for the fray. They need to be. There isn't much time. Before the new Budget, on which so much depends, comes before Parliament, there are wage claims to be conceded or modified which, taken with the railmen's £25,000,000 a year concession, may cost industry and the public a staggering figure. The truth is—and it causes me a sense of hopelessness—there is another and greater principle which has been lost sight of. It is called *social justice.* The Socialists would claim to have pioneered it. They branded the bad old days when England was "two nations"—the haves and the have-nots. It is an odd thing that under Tory Government for six years the "two-nations" in one nation have grown again as sharply defined as ever, but with the positions reversed. The downtrodden "workers" have become the privileged, a minority with all the power and all the prizes. This is now the class that knows what it wants, means to get it and succeeds every time. New wage claims are met by higher costs to the public in fares, freights, purchase taxes, and so on. That leads to further wage claims to meet the overspill of

"CUT STATE SPENDING"

A CAMPAIGN IS LAUNCHED IN LONDON: Sir Bernard Docker, the industrialist and financier, speaks at a Press conference at a hotel in London. Sitting below the microphone is Lady Docker. The occasion was the start of a campaign initiated by Sir Bernard. He is proposing that expenditure by the Government should be cut by 1 per cent. and plans to campaign for this object throughout the country. He is inviting signatures to a petition calling for the 1 per cent. cut to be made annually.

increased prices. But for the majority—the other nation—there are no wage claims conceded because there is no union screw to turn. The voiceless go to the wall, the battle is to the strong. Because productivity is all, the pensioner and the intellectual, the traders in unessential wares, even that most important class, the rising young men in management and science, suffer a social injustice comparable with the bad old days.

Social Justice.—These new wage claims have to be fought or conceded while this vital Budget is actually being planned. The issue is vital to the very structure of this Budget. If the workers win again and all along the line, it will be a Budget of still more crippling burdens for the dumb majority, inflation vastly inflated. The fight is certainly on. The time is remarkably short. No doubt, it is unwise for a statesman to specify actions which he lacks the power to implement, but the Premier's vague references to this urgent question of wage claims were not reassuring. The majority of this nation wants to know whether to expect another patchwork Budget or whether within a matter of weeks from to-day the Government will show its hand and stand, with a majority of the nation behind it, to fight the biggest monopoly and tyranny in our history. Of course there are hard

cases innumerable and many inequalities among the union workers in industry. But social justice, if it means anything, means that when times are bad and the nation is on a lee shore, the hardships must be shared equally and such benefits as accrue be equitably shared out. To-day in this two-nation (new style) country social justice does *not* mean anything.

Anglo-American Bonds of Unity.—

"Never before in our history was it so essential to preserve the bonds of Anglo-American unity." How often have you heard this said in the past fifteen years, by the former Premier, the present Premier, and by a dozen orators and statesmen on public platforms and round the groaning board of the Pilgrims? I am sure it is true, and even now Sir Anthony and Mr. Eisenhower are having a stab at it, and good luck to them. But it is necessary to be always on the job. Little rifts often occur in the joint lute and it is always welcome to discover some unbreakable bond, however slender. I find one in a recent announcement: "Exports of Scotch whisky reached a new record last year and America bought more of it than ever before." Is it likely that America will part brass-rags with the nation that supplies the best Scotch? The novel literature of a country is the best mirror of the social life and habit of mind of its people, and after reading several score of successful modern American novels, I should describe them as, first and last, catalogues of "double Scotches" drunk from dusk to dawn and from dawn to dusk by heroes and heroines (teen-age and upwards) non-stop for thirty chapters. When in doubt (and they are always in doubt) a "double-Scotch." What American in his senses is likely to damn the pure stream, cut off his own supplies of fuel and power, light and warmth? Not one, while the Highland distilleries do their job and earn the dollars.

Absence of Mind—and Books.—

The House of Commons suffer from absent-mindedness. Their Library Committee chairman has been compelled once again to point out to M.P.s that an alarming number of books vanish from the library unrecorded. Among the assets of a recently dead M.P. were found no fewer than twenty-two of the library's books. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum . . .* nevertheless, this was a glaring instance of profiting by a physical disability. The London clubs are no strangers to this "absence of mind." I recall that at one time the Travellers' loss of their own and of circulating library books reached

TO OUR READERS

Owing to present difficulties in the Printing Industry it is probable that the number of pages in this issue of THE SPHERE *may have to be curtailed somewhat. We would, therefore, ask readers and advertisers to be forbearing in this matter. As soon as conditions permit, normal publication will be resumed.*

The Editor

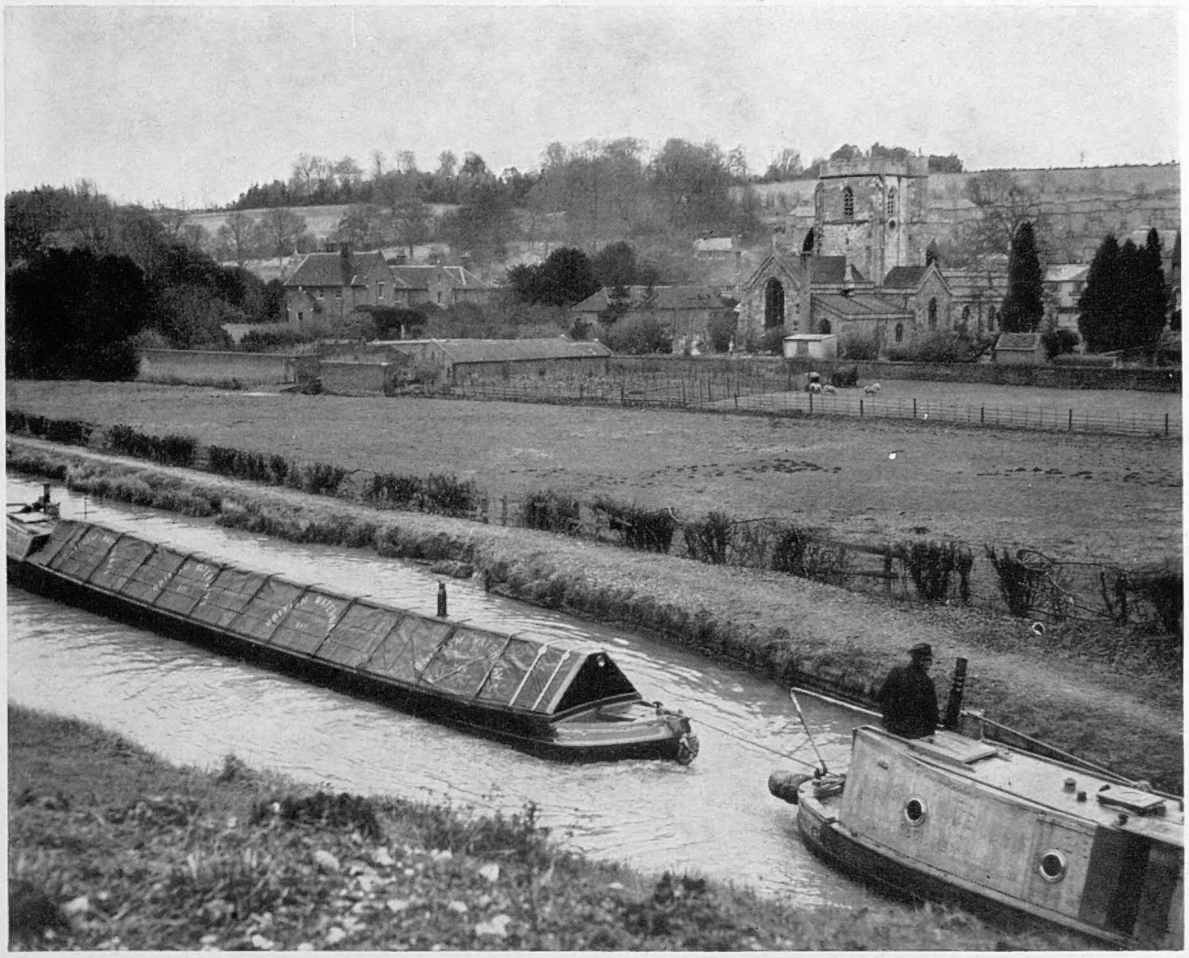
astronomical figures. One knows how it happens. A member is catching the night mail to Scotland. When the time to start for Euston comes, the heroine is hanging by her hair from the eleventh-floor window-catch and the hero is only half-way up to her rescue. The reader pockets the book . . . and then a memory black-out falls on him. He remains an honest man after his fashion. Most of us have stolen an odd pencil or other stationery and we refuse to brand ourselves as thieves. We draw the line somewhere, certainly at bank-notes and diamonds. Books apparently are in our no-man's land of justifiable larceny.

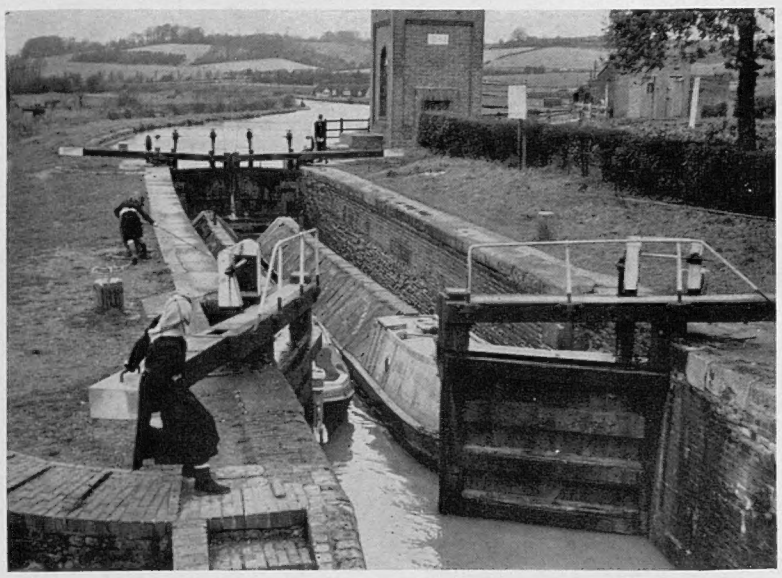
Defence Against A- and H-Bombs.—

Those responsible for making our nation defence-conscious and alive to the importance of up-to-date civil defence have a fearfully difficult job. They must avoid two extremes. They must make our flesh creep but not freeze our marrows. As I understand their book of words, the sort of bomb which might fall, say, on Portsmouth, would blot out life within a three-mile radius at once, and persons living within 25 miles or more would, for three or four days at least, be in a slow death atmosphere necessitating for survival a hermetically-sealed troglodyte existence for that period. Those, therefore, who live in houses without cellarage must cut a trapdoor in a ground-floor room and dig below a chamber in the earth which can be sealed off. In that chamber for the four days instantly following the fall of the bomb they and their family and staff, if any, must live sealed off from light and air. Presumably the fierce light of the explosion gives the signal for immurement. It follows that the dugout must be furnished, as soon as built, with light, heating, water, food and sanitation of some sort. There will be no time to prepare it on the day. For my part, if I read aright, the authorities have gone too far. They have frozen my marrow. I can't and won't dig for safety. I shall go cellarless to the grave. Besides, some of us live in upper-floor flats and few of us can afford to pay for excavations. And arising out of that, what will happen when a jet plane crashes on one of our nuclear stations? It makes a tragic mess when it falls on a village. It may be it could enormously increase the chaos and tragedy if it fell on a Harwell. If ever it does, it may afford a dress rehearsal of the real thing, and then survivors will dig like moles. But perhaps I dreamed the C.D. directive. Sometimes I still suffer from nightmares.

THE OLD STAGER

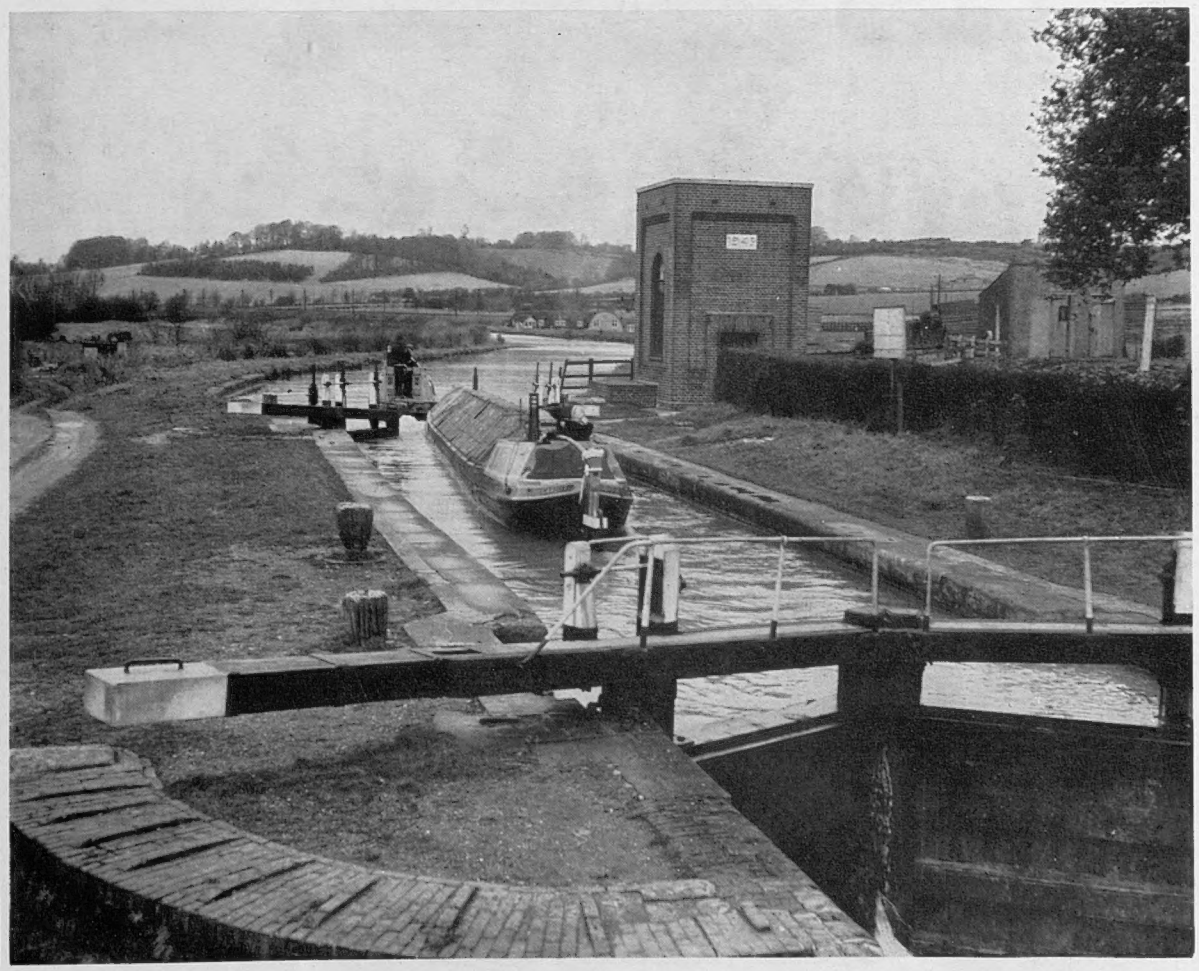
A DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR INLAND WATERWAYS





A SECTION OF A CANAL WHICH IS TO BE IMPROVED: Barges on the Grand Union Canal are passing the church at Northchurch, Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire: £1,396,000 is to be spent on improving fifty-seven miles of the Grand Union Canal below Berkhamsted. This is part of a £5,500,000 development scheme for seven stretches of the inland waterways of Britain which has been announced by the British Transport Commission.

AT NORTHCHURCH LOCK: *On left*—The gates are closed on barges going up the Grand Union Canal. *Below*—The vessels leave the lock. The canal is the largest artificial waterway in Britain and runs from London to Birmingham. It has six tunnels and between Brentford and Birmingham there are 159 locks. Another stretch of waterway affected by the Inland Waterways development scheme is the artificial channel of the River Lee.



NIGERIA'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE QUEEN

The Enthusiastic Scenes in Lagos

AT THE AIRPORT : The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir James Robertson, the Governor-General, and Lady Robertson stand at Ikeja Airport waiting for a fly-past of Canberra bombers. The Royal pavilion had been specially brought from Britain.

On right—

"KABIYESI" : This is only a minute section of the vast smiling crowds which gathered in Lagos to shout "Kabiyesi," which means "welcome to Your Majesty" and is considered as the highest and most sacred form of salutation in Yorubaland.

Below—

THE ENTRY INTO LAGOS : Her Majesty alights from the car at the city boundary to receive the Address of Welcome from Oba Adeniji Adele II, standing under the parasol. With him are other civic dignitaries of the capital.

THE START OF THE THREE-WEEK TOUR : The Queen, accompanied by the Governor-General, prepares to leave Ikeja Airport after her arrival in Nigeria. Behind is the Duke of Edinburgh.

FLOWERS FOR THE QUEEN : Four-year-old Folashade Lawson, the daughter of the chairman of the Lagos Town Council, stands solemnly on the dais after presenting a bouquet to the Queen. Between the child and Her Majesty sits Oba Adeniji Adele II, the President of the Council. The presentation took place during the official welcome by the Oba during the Royal entry into Lagos.

On left—Queen Elizabeth is expressing delight at receiving the flowers while Folashade Lawson gazes with wonder at the scene outside the pavilion. The Oba, in a loyal address, paid tribute to the progress made by Lagos in commerce and industry under the *Pax Britannica*. The Queen, in her reply, spoke of her pleasure in being "amongst the people of a capital who for nearly a century have belonged to the large family of the British Commonwealth." She added that she looked forward to seeing more of the country during her stay and of the people, "some of whom formed a memorable contingent at my coronation."

POLITICAL PASSIONS ARE FORGOTTEN : A large concourse of Europeans and Moroccans follows the body of El Glaoui as it is borne aloft on a litter, wrapped in a black shroud. The Pasha of Marrakesh was buried in the town's public cemetery.

EL GLAOUI'S FUNERAL

French Leaders and Moroccans Unite to Pay Tribute to the Great Pasha of Marrakesh

Never in his long and turbulent life did El Glaoui achieve such unanimity among Frenchmen and Moroccans as was displayed at his funeral in Marrakesh. His most bitter political foes, the Moroccan Nationalists, flocked to join the funeral procession which was held for the aged Pasha. His friends, headed by the French Resident-General, were also there to do him honour. M. Dubois, in his funeral oration, praised him as a man of legendary glory, a magnificent warrior, and a lifelong friend of France. El Glaoui was a dominating leader of the Berbers, whose hold over them was masterful. His influence may not be properly appreciated until it has gone.

A LEADER OF THE BERBER TRIBES : Mourners gather to pay homage to El Glaoui in the courtyard of the Pasha's palace in Marrakesh. El Glaoui, who died when over eighty, was for forty years the dominating influence among the tribesmen.

" A LIFELONG FRIEND OF FRANCE " : M. Dubois, the French Resident-General, who used these words in his funeral oration, is seen following the litter of shining white wood. On his left is Si Lahoen Lyouss, the Moroccan Minister of the Interior.

INTRODUCTIONS IN LONDON

Earl Attlee takes his Seat in the Lords; Dr. Campbell becomes a Bishop and Dr. Wand a Canon; and the Archbishop of Canterbury meets an Archbishop from Greece

A NEW ENTRANCE FOR AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN: Earl Attlee arrives to enter the House of Lords for the first time in his thirty-three years in Parliament. On his seventy-third birthday, he was introduced there.

ARCHBISHOPS MEET BEFORE LUNCHEON: Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, chats with Archbishop Anthendgoras of Thyateira in London. The occasion was the Foreign Press Association's luncheon.

LABOUR'S FORMER LEADER IN ERMINE: Earl Attlee wearing the robes he had hired for the occasion on which he took his seat in the House of Lords. The former leader of the Labour Party, who has expressed a desire to play an active though diffident role as a back-bencher, was introduced by two Labour peers, Earl Baldwin and the Earl of Huntingdon.

THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON'S ELECTION IS CONFIRMED: Dr. Montgomery Campbell at St. Mary-le-Bow Church, Cheapside, where his election as Bishop of London was legally confirmed. On his right is Mr. Henry Willink, Dean of the Court of Arches, and on his left the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Ackroyd, one of the churchwardens.

LONDON'S FORMER BISHOP BECOMES A CANON: Dr. Wand (left) is congratulated by the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Matthews, after being installed as a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral. The ceremony took place on St. Paul's Day, which was Dr. Wand's seventy-first birthday.

FOREIGN NEWS REVIEW

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN INDIA, AMERICA, EGYPT AND EUROPE

MR. NEHRU IS HANGED IN EFFIGY IN BOMBAY : The representation of the Indian Prime Minister is kicked and battered after being strung up on a lamp-post during the language riots in Bombay. The fierce fighting between different racial groups and police, which lasted more than five days, was set off by the Indian Government's decision to take Bombay under its direct administrative control. This was contrary to the demands of the dominating Marathi-speaking race, which makes up 46 per cent. of the city's population. These Maharashtrians had demanded that a united single-language Maharashtra state be created. Tension in Bombay was acerbated by the intervention of Communists which, the Indian police authorities claim, was carefully planned.

On right—

A SOVIET PILOT PARACHUTES FROM HIS JET INTO AUSTRIA : Captain Nikolai Konoplov is seen in Vienna, where he was handed over to the Soviet Embassy after escaping from his crashing MiG jet fighter. His aircraft had collided with another MiG, whose pilot was killed. Konoplov said that he and his companion were chasing two unidentified aircraft which had violated Hungarian territory.

THE LANGUAGE RIOTS IN BOMBAY : A burned-out car stands forlornly amid the rubble in Poibawdi, one of the areas worst affected by the prolonged rioting in Bombay. Unofficial estimates say that at least 200 people were killed in clashes between Maharashtrians, rival racial groups and the police.

COLLISION OR RAMMING? The two burnt-out MiG aircraft after they had crashed on to Austrian territory near Pamhagen, a mile from the Hungarian border. Some eyewitnesses claim that the aircraft which may have been piloted by a Hungarian trying to escape was rammed by the surviving Soviet pilot's MiG.

AMERICA'S WORST RAILWAY ACCIDENT FOR FIVE YEARS : In the glare of lights rescue workers search the wreckage of the two-car Santa Fe suburban Diesel train, which crashed in Los Angeles shortly after leaving the station for San Diego. At least 29 people were killed and 140 injured when the train left the track on a curve. It appeared that the train, which was crowded to capacity, took the curve at too great a speed. Many servicemen were among the dead.

THE CITIZENS OF CYPRUS HAND IN THEIR ARMS : A throng of Cypriots at a police station in Nicosia with an assortment of weapons which they were handing in accordance with a new order. This demanded that all people possessing shotguns, sporting rifles or other weapons must hand them in to the police to prevent terrorists obtaining them by threats ; in some instances people on their way to police stations were intercepted by armed thugs.

GERMANS IN UNIFORM—WEST AND EAST DISPLAY THEIR NEW MILITARY MIGHT : *On left*—The Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, inspects soldiers of the newly-formed West German Army at its first parade, held in the Andernach Training Centre. With him are, from left, Lieut.-General Speidel, Herr Blank and Major-General Laegeler. *On right*—A fashion show in the Soviet Zone of Germany of the uniforms of the new East German forces. They are for top-ranking officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

PORKKALA IS RETURNED TO FINLAND : While a railway engine goes on its peaceful journey two Finnish soldiers, deep in snow, remove poles which marked the Finnish-Soviet border at Porkkala. This former Russian naval base ten miles from Helsinki was handed over at the end of last month after eleven years of occupation.

SUDAN BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE ARAB LEAGUE : The opening meeting of the Arab League Council, which was held at the League's headquarters in Cairo, under the chairmanship of the Yemenite Chargé d'Affaires. It was at this Council meeting that Sudan's application to join the League was accepted.

LAUNCHING SITE FOR GUIDED MISSILES : A gantry crane for firing vertically-launched missiles stands in position at the U.S. Army's Redstone Arsenal Missile Firing Laboratory near Cape Canaveral, Florida.

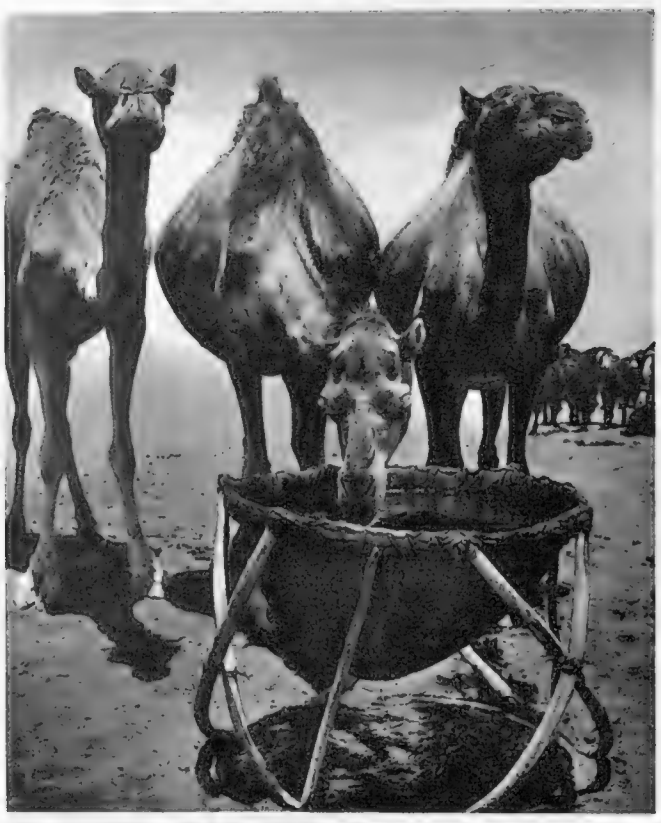
A TIGHT SQUEEZE : With inches to spare the American aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Leyte* squeezes under Brooklyn Bridge on her way to the New York Naval Shipyard for a five-month overhaul. Part of the ship's mast and radar antennae were removed at Bayonne, New Jersey, to allow the 30,000-ton carrier to pass under the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges. Escorted by tugs, she eventually reached the shipyard.

A LONG DRINK OF WATER BY COURTESY OF THE TRANS-ARABIAN PIPELINE COMPANY: Some of the camels belonging to King Ibn Saud himself are watered at the Al Jauf well. This is one of more than forty water-holes which have been drilled by the oil company. *On right*—The camels at Turaif, where 40,000 animals have to be watered.

DRINKING AT A MAN-MADE OASIS

Camels are the First Beneficiaries of the Water-holes Drilled in the Arabian Desert

The advent of the oil company has brought about a change in the life of the nomad Arab tribesmen who roam the deserts of Arabia. For thousands of years it has been traditional for them to wander northwards to the well-watered valley of the Euphrates, where they and their camels could find the wells which the desert cannot provide in the summer. When the Trans-Arabian Pipeline Company began to build its 1,100 miles of oil pipes, fifty-two wells were drilled where no one had ever thought of looking for water. Forty of these bore water, and the first to take advantage of them have been the tribesmen and their camels, who now no longer trek northwards.



THE COURTESIES OF THE DESERT: There is no unseemly scramble for the water at this oasis. Two of the camels stand aside with dignity while a third drinks; there is water for all.

THE LONG TREK IN SEARCH OF WATER: A typical herd of camels glides over the sand-dunes north of Abqaiq, Al Hasa, on its way to the next water-hole. Once the camels would have to go without water for a week; now there is water every four days, thanks to the oil company's oases.

PROSPECTING OVER THE SNOW

In North Canada a Pilot Flies in Search of Uranium

A TOWN IN THE SNOWS OF NORTH CANADA: Yellowknife, seen from the air, is on Great Slave Lake, in the North-West Territories. It is a good centre from which to prospect by air for uranium and other sources of modern wealth.

STARTING TO PROSPECT: The aircraft has landed on skis in deep snow. Now the pilot, Ernie Boffa, tramples out a site for the tent in which he will make his camp by his aeroplane.

THE CAMP IS MADE: The tent has been pitched deep in the snow for protection against the wind. Snow has been placed in a bucket and boils on a gas-stove for a brew of tea while the prospector starts to take his bearings.

AN AIRFIELD IN WINTER: Although it is covered with snow, taking off and landing are not difficult. Winter in the North-West Territories of Canada is a good time for prospecting from the air because the weather is clear.

The North-West Territories of Canada cover an area of 1,309,682 square miles. Sparsely inhabited and stretching well to the north of the Arctic Circle, they may appear at first sight to be a desert of snow and ice and of little interest to those seeking wealth. But ever since the Hudson Bay Company began opening up this territory 300 years ago, it has attracted men, and women, with the spirit of adventure. The North-West Territories to-day are the remains of an even vaster area purchased by the Dominion of Canada in 1869 from the Hudson Bay Company. Wild life abounds and in minerals it has yielded considerable quantities of gold, silver, radium and petroleum. Recently another important mineral has been found there—uranium.

Uranium is one of the basic needs for the nuclear age. Probably there will never be "uranium rushes" in the sense that there were gold or silver rushes in the past. But looking for uranium has its romance, and those engaging in this search are as much pioneers as were the gold miners of the last century.

The mid-twentieth century prospector has means available to him which were not open to his ancestors. The aeroplane is the obvious example. And the aeroplane is ideal for sweeping over the North-West Territories. The pilot has to be aware of a number of hazards. For instance, he may find himself in Polar regions. Yellowknife, which is a good centre from which to start aerial explorations, is some 250 miles from the Arctic Circle. Going north, the suitably named Port Radium, on Great Bear Lake, is practically on the Circle. So the North Pole has to be taken into consideration. Not so much the Geographical Pole as the Magnetic Pole, which can work havoc on a compass. The experience of most pilots is to dispense with instruments as much as possible and fly by ground direction and contact.

This may not sound easy, in view of the fact that hundreds of miles of frozen ground must look much the same from the air at any point. Yet, oddly enough, the best season in which to prospect is the winter. The days may be short, but the weather is clear, and in such an atmosphere reconnaissance is not difficult.

But every pilot and crew which sets out to prospect over the Territories should remember one essential—the possibility of a forced landing. So for this reason, emergency rations, tent, Primus stove, and a rifle and ammunition should be carried. The interior of an aeroplane is not a comfortable place in which to spend any time if forced down near the Arctic. But a tent offers conditions accepted as tolerable by explorers.

A FLAME FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER

The Olympic Torch is Carried from Rome to Cortina d'Ampezzo

In the ruins of the ancient Roman Temple of Jupiter, the Lord of the Gods, on Capitol Hill, the Olympic Torch was lit by the Mayors of Rome and Cortina d'Ampezzo and handed over to a relay of well-known Italian athletes to be carried to the stadium at Cortina, where the Winter Games are being held. As the Mayor of Rome, Salvatore Rebecchini, kindled the Flame, 400 pigeons were released and schoolchildren sang the Olympic hymn extolling the friendliness and brotherhood of the Olympic spirit.

After the brief ceremony Adolfo Consolini, the first of the selected athletes, carried the torch to the municipal airport and sent it on its flight to Venice. From there it passed by runners in daily stages through towns and villages until it arrived on the slopes above Cortina. At the inaugural ceremonies, a skier raced the Flame through the snow to the recently-built ice stadium. As the torch was lit the President of the Italian Republic declared the Games open and the Olympic hymn was played and sung again to mark the completion of the relay bringing the Flame from Rome to Cortina, where it will now burn until the Games are over on February 5.

THE FLAME IS ON ITS WAY: *Above*—An Italian athlete carries the Olympic Torch through the City Hall Square in Rome, on the first stage of its journey to Cortina d'Ampezzo for the Winter Olympic Games. In the centre is the statue of the Emperor Marcus Aureleus. *On left*—Escorted by motor-cyclists, the torch passes the ruins of the Colosseum on its way to the municipal airport and the next stage of the relay. *On right*—The Olympic Flame is taken aboard an aircraft at Ciampino Airport, Rome, for the flight to Venice.

BY GONDOLA TO THE SNOWS: The Flame passes under the Rialto Bridge in Venice, where it was paraded along the canals before continuing its journey. Carried in a 12-oar gondola through the city, the Olympic Torch was finally handed over to runners, who carried it through Treviso, Belluno and Pocol, to Cortina d'Ampezzo.

THE FINAL LAP: An Italian skier takes the Olympic Flame from one of his comrades before heading up the slopes to Cortina d'Ampezzo in the mountains.

PROSPERITY TRANSFORMS THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN CAPITAL : In this area of Salisbury the lines of the capital's new look can be visualised. Many new buildings, including modest skyscrapers, have already been built. Some fifteen are under construction, or plots of land have been cleared for them. Another twelve new buildings are planned for 1957. Salisbury's rising buildings reflect the increased prosperity which new industries are bringing to the country.

SKYSCRAPER ARCHITECTURE COMES TO CENTRAL AFRICA : Two of the new buildings which reflect the growth of Salisbury since the war. On the right is Century House, the first of the post-war skyscrapers in the Southern Rhodesian capital. On left is Anlaby House, one of the latest additions. Shops, offices and homes are accommodated there.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA—CHALLENGE TO INDUSTRIALISTS

Market Potentials and Natural Resources Attract Industry to a Growing Country

This month, and until the end of March, British industrialists and representatives of manufacturing and finance institutions will be meeting Mr. P. C. Aldridge. Mr. Aldridge is director of the Federation of Rhodesian Industries, who is at present on a ten-week visit to this country. His object is to secure the investment of British capital for industrial expansion in Southern Rhodesia.

He is able to point to one of the most spectacular growths in post-war economic development in the world—a growth, moreover, which is still gaining in momentum. In the space of barely thirty years Southern Rhodesia has been transformed, politically, socially and economically, from an outpost of the British South Africa Company to the dominating partner in a strong dominion.

The signs of a rapidly growing state are there for all to see. The modern cities which are being built follow all the prescribed canons of prosperity architecture. Salisbury, the capital, is becoming a city of skyscrapers. In its present state it still gives an air of spaciousness that may well disappear when the demands for ground become more urgent and competitive.

The population has grown to an even greater extent than the houses in which it lives. In 1911 there were 23,600 Europeans in the country; twenty years later the figure had more than doubled, and in 1951 there were 138,000. Now there is a European population of over 166,000, while the African population has risen from

(*Continued on following pages*)

SOUTHERN RHODESIA—CHALLENGE TO INDUSTRIALISTS

THE SECOND LARGEST CITY IN THE CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION : This aerial view of Bulawayo shows that in the south of Southern Rhodesia industrial expansion has also left its mark. Until a few years ago the city was a modest commercial town. Now factories, workshops and offices are being built on every available space.

On left—
TO ACCOMMODATE A GROWING AFRICAN LABOUR FORCE : This is the Harari township outside Salisbury. In the centre are some of the older houses, while round them stand, in the foreground, new blocks of flats for single men. In the background is the development for married Africans. About 100,000 Africans now live in Salisbury.

Below—
INDUSTRY COMES TO THE COUNTRYSIDE : The flat landscape of the Bulawayo district is thrown into sharp relief by the residential, office and factory skyscrapers in the fast-growing city.

SALISBURY IN TRANSITION—THE CITY DEVELOPS AS IT BECOMES THE CAPITAL OF A POWERFUL INDUSTRIAL NATION: Old and new stand side by side in the centre of Salisbury. In the right foreground stand two of the most modern skyscraper buildings, Trafalgar Court and Hardwicke House. Just to the right is the modest little church more suited to the country. In the distance, among the trees, can be seen the towers of Salisbury power station on which the city's industries depend.

(*Continued from page 167*)

745,000 in 1911 to 2,220,000 to-day. Since 1949 the population of Southern Rhodesia has increased by 450,000—an enormous new labour force which has not yet been absorbed.

This post-war development has naturally affected the individual incomes of those living in Southern Rhodesia, quite apart from the wealth that has accrued to the state as a whole. The salaries and wages of employees in Southern Rhodesia, both European and African, have more than doubled in the past five years. An interesting sidelight on this new prosperity is derived from the figures for the number of motor vehicles in use in the country. In December 1948 there were 23,242 private cars and 1,982 motor-cycles on the roads; five years later there were 51,000 private cars and 3,500 motor-cycles.

The prosperity that has come to Southern Rhodesia is due to the advent of the industrialists, chiefly from Britain, who have realised the potentialities of the country. They have been encouraged by favourable tax, death duty and capital repatriation laws. What else has attracted the industrialists to Southern Rhodesia?

To begin with, the geographical position of the country makes it an ideal distribution centre for the adjacent markets. And what market potential there is! Over 67,000,000 people of all races in the Federation, the Union of South Africa, the Belgian Congo, Kenya, Moçambique, Angola and Uganda—all bordering on the Federation, and linked by a network of roads, railways and air routes which are constantly being improved.

The natural resources of Southern Rhodesia must, however, have a considerable influence on the prospective *entrepreneur*, and here the country is rich indeed. At present the agricultural products are perhaps the most actively developed. The main crops which are grown are tobacco, maize, citrus, potatoes, cotton, groundnuts and tea and sugar, while cattle and pigs are the main livestock which are raised. At the same time, Southern Rhodesia's pastoral and dairy produce goes a long way towards meeting the demands of the country's population. To all this output must be added the large tracts of forest in the Eastern districts, where pines, wattle and blue gums flourish.

The industries based on agricultural products include, first and foremost, the manufacture of tobacco and cigarettes. But the chief development in recent years has been seen in the production of textiles, the making of soft drinks and fruit juices, the refining of sugar and the manufacture of soap. Meat and fruit are canned, cotton is spun, textile and knitwear and other clothing is manufactured. The forest areas which are only now being tapped have led to an extensive saw-milling industry, as well as the production of paper and its ancillaries, such as wood-pulp and cardboard.

But the true potential of Southern Rhodesia is really seen when the mineral resources of the country are examined. No fewer than forty-five different minerals have been found in quantity in the country, whose area is three times that of England. Of these, sixteen have been produced on a major scale, and there has been a minor output of twelve. The biggest money-spinners are gold, coal, asbestos and chrome, but tin, tungsten and copper also abound. Large areas of Southern Rhodesia are still available for organised prospecting, which is encouraged by the Government, the minerals are only just beginning to be exploited.

The industries which have, in part indirectly, sprung from these resources, are headed by the asbestos and cement works in both Salisbury and Bulawayo. But engineering, both electrical and constructional, metal and steel production, canning and the manufacture of vehicles all flourish.

To this great potential must be added the water and electric power that is being made available throughout Southern Rhodesia. The great fast-flowing rivers which run like so many veins through the land are natural sources of electric power, and in all parts dams are being or have been built and power stations erected. The Kariba Dam on the Zambezi is the most spectacular and far-reaching, touching as it will all areas from the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia to the factories of Salisbury and Bulawayo in the south. It is the outstanding monument to the Southern Rhodesian's faith in his own country. Already he finds that the men who count in Britain are sharing this faith. It augurs well for the prospects of Southern Rhodesia becoming the most versatile industrial nation on the African continent

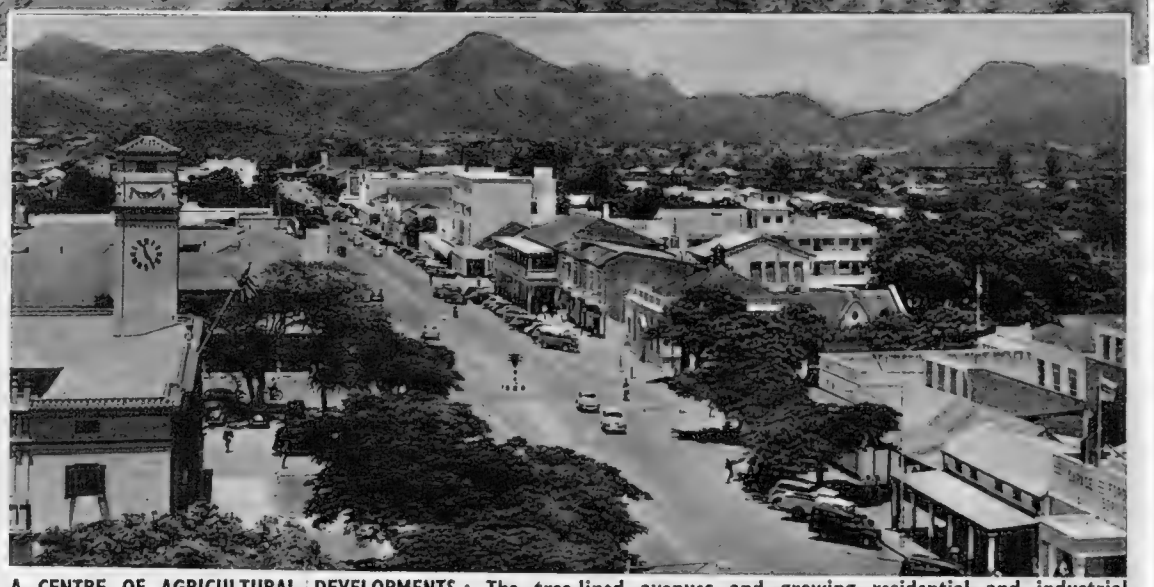
THE PROJECT WHICH SYMBOLISES SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S EFFORTS TO BECOME AN INDUSTRIAL POWER : This picture of the site of the Kariba Dam on the Zambezi River is the last to be taken before the floodwaters halted work on the project in December. The dotted line indicates the proposed position of the dam, which will be 360 ft. above the river bed. When the development of the Kariba project is completed the installed capacity of the hydro-electric undertaking will amount to 1,200 megawatts.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

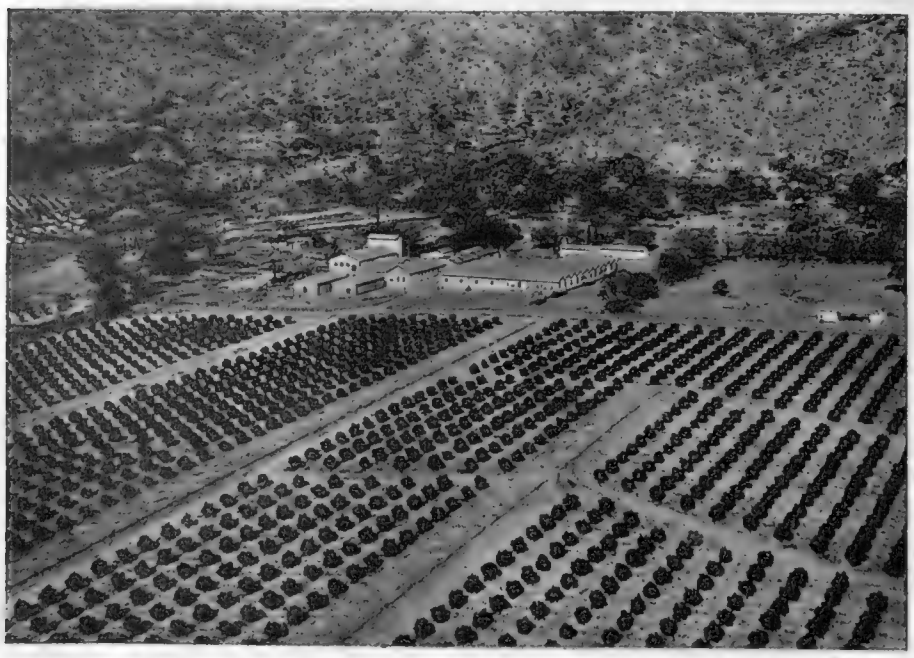
(Continued)

Below—

FRUIT FOR THE SOFT DRINKS INDUSTRY : Lines of irrigated orange trees at Mazoe, twenty miles from Salisbury, where the British South Africa Company has for many years run the largest citrus estates in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The orange trees provide the raw material for the associated factory which produces orange extract for local and export markets. The soft drinks industry in Southern Rhodesia will be still further expanded when more irrigated land becomes available all over the country.



A CENTRE OF AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENTS : The tree-lined avenues and growing residential and industrial areas of Umtali. The town's industries reflect the growth in agricultural products in the surrounding countryside, notably paper making, canning and dehydration plants, jute mills and a blanket factory.



INTENSIFIED FARMING : This area is typical of the 6,200 European-owned farms in the country. The contoured lands for maize, tobacco and other crops are clearly shown. The strip between contours is a natural grass waterway.

OUTSIDE FINE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE COMFORT OF PASSENGERS IN SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS: Some of those who attended the opening are coming out of the waiting-hall. The new passenger and cargo buildings are at Berth 102 in Southampton Docks, and are on the site of buildings destroyed during the war. The new berth, which has cost £1,000,000 and has been put up for the British Transport Commission, contains many excellent facilities for passengers, including a comfortable and attractive passenger reception centre. The equipment in the cargo-handling space also sets a high standard. The chief purpose of the berth is for the discharge of the Union Castle mail ships from South Africa, but it is anticipated it will be used by other lines, especially those engaged on summer cruises.

SOUTHAMPTON OPENS A NEW DOCK BERTH

Costing £1,000,000, it will Handle Passengers and Cargo from South Africa

THE WAITING-HALL: The amenities for passengers here include a buffet and a bar, a rail booking-office, telephones, an immigration-room and a writing-room. Part of the circular walls is decorated with a large mural painting.

THE MURAL RECALLS A SAGA OF THE SEA: It is the work of John Hutton and depicts a scene from "Lusiads," the Portuguese epic poem of the sixteenth century by Luis de Camoens, who himself voyaged round the Cape.

A PLAQUE IN THE PASSENGER LOUNGE: It is being unveiled by Mr. Jooste, the South African High Commissioner, and commemorates his opening of the buildings. Mr. Jooste spoke of the new berth being a sign of increasing British trade with South Africa.

FORTY YEARS ON

Looking Back there is a Multitude of Memories from the First World War Onwards; What is Their Value?

By JOHN GORE

THE ERRATICS AND ACROBATICS OF MEMORY.—I find it difficult to believe that forty years have passed since my regiment settled in to its first winter in the Flanders mud near Ypres. But, so far as memory serves as a link, it might be a hundred years. I was born with a bad memory. I am unobservant. After the First World War I had very vivid memories for several years of events and places in France and Flanders which I had experienced or known between 1915 and 1919. "Little pictures," startlingly vivid, and, I suppose, fairly accurate, would come back to me induced by casual sights or sounds or smells, and I formed a general theory that only when a man is vividly alive—and for the most part he lives his life drugged, dozy or dead—do the experiences of his daily life make significant impressions on his memory.

Certainly I was never more conscious of being alive—never more full of zest for life—than in the years 1915 to 1919 in France and Flanders and on the German border. But if world war can stimulate memory, it can also kill it. In modern world war, it is better and happier to be at the cannon's mouth than in your own home. The Second World War, when I served only in the Home Guard, not only created for me no memories pleasant or unpleasant, but killed stone-dead such memories of childhood, youth and of the First World War which I retained, and finally destroyed my memory for any subsequent events. And now it is forty years since the most vivid memories of my life were registered and almost every detail of them has faded in a blur or haze.

I made and still possess a little list of the 147 towns, villages and holes in the ground in which I passed a night or more in a back and forth progress from Havre to Cologne, and every one of them once recalled to me vivid memories and clear pictures.

A Rag-Bag of Memories.—I risk grave trouble in the printing trade by writing down those outlandish names, each one of which once recalled at least one choking, flooding memory: Wormhoudt, Elverdinghe, Heuringhem, Erny, Vaudricourt, Bois-des-Dames, Marles-les-Mines, Laires, Roquetoire, Desvres, Givenchy, Fouquereuil, Hohenzollern Redoubt, Sailly, Bethune, Dompierre, Querrieu, Longpre, Frechencourt, Gamaches, Daours, Carnoy Valley.

But the task appals me. I have brought you only to the beginning of the first battle of the Somme. As the years passed the names of these little hamlets recur and pile up a list of far more than a hundred names, labelling the years and even the months.

In each I was alive (as never since), in each I registered some tremendous physical or mental experience . . . and yet, not a single one of them now sweeps the muted strings of Memory; no forgotten air steals back, no picture grows.

The years passed to the final triumph. The last names recorded should surely wake triumphant memories: Waterloo, Brussels, Tournai, Silly, Braine-le-Comte, Genappe, Namur, Huy, Ouflet, Stavelot, Spa, Cologne.

Why, yes, I remember something of that gold and blue day in Brussels when King Albert came back to his own, riding a white horse and wearing a battered tin hat. I remember the detachments of the Allies marching by, the splendour of the Frenchmen, the stoutness of the British, with Carton de Wiart (looking with his medals and wound stripes, like an historic battlefield) at their head, and Henry Wilson (who was always on the spot) driving himself in a Rolls-Royce, a cigarette between his lips, an unofficial item in the programme.

And I remember the Somme for its mangy partridges, which I poached with a stolen gun, and the Pas de Calais for its boars, which I shot with a bullet stuffed into a game cartridge, and Ypres for its green flax, and La Beuvriere for its nightingales, and the little girl who gave me berries.

These are my war memories. It is such stuff as this they have fobbed off on me, to feed me in my dotage.

March Retreat, 1918.—The March retreat of 1918 brought some experiences which deserved to be impressed on memory and indeed for a time were retained in mine. I had been discharged from hospital on March 21, the day on which the long expected attack quickly overran Gough's defences, his noble bricks made without straw. For five days I wandered about France trying to trace my regiment. The sixth found me at Amiens hot on the trail, and I came on it in the outskirts of Corbie, holding a last thin line. But to-day memory holds the door open only to one or two blurred pictures quite unrelated to war's magnificence—the killing of a goose with a cavalry sword, the theft of a case of brandy (why leave these things to the Hun?), the single shell which crashed into Amiens Cathedral, above all the flight of the refugees.

Streams of them, many flying for the third time before the enemy, passed through the town blocking the congested traffic. It was a sight all too familiar. The long farm wagon, drawn by an emaciated horse, with its piteous contents of family treasures; the bedstead and mattress, primitive furniture, a hutch of rabbits, a crate of fowls, a sleeping child, an invalid old woman, and toiling behind, tethered by its horns, the family cow, lowing mournfully. Made indifferent by fatigue, calm from hopelessness, they trudged back, to build again some sort of existence in the ruins of their land. . . . Those Frenchmen have remembered, at any rate, if we have not.

Human Memory is Suspect.—Indeed, I grow ever more suspicious of human memory. I have come to the conclusion that its accuracy continuously declines in a matter of months after it receives its first impressions. No doubt, autobiographical memories based on diaries or letters written contemporaneously with the events recorded are least liable to suspicion. I put a good deal of faith in the accuracy of Creevey's memories of the morrow of Waterloo in Brussels, because, though written up later, they were transcribed from letters of his written the same day the events took place. But babies do not write diaries and letters and I have always felt that such wizards as Maurice Baring, in his voluminous chapters of nursery memories, was perhaps a victim of time's haze and the magnifying-glass of the years. The huge garden in which we played in childhood has usually shrunk to modest proportions when we visit it again forty years on.

The things we most of us long remember have no logical justification for survival, and no one has ever accounted for their survival. They are certainly not memories of special importance, of mental stress, of any relevance to the character we created for ourselves. They are no more than the casual contents of the pockets of an old overcoat: a few bus tickets, a strip of matches, a copper coin, an old envelope or two. In short, memory—a normal man's memory—is no more than a dusty pocket in an old overcoat, long discarded.

Owen Meredith, in his *Lucile*, impressing on civilised man the supreme importance of not forgetting the dinner-hour, wrote:

> The land of his birth;
> The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
> The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
> The sermons he heard when to church he last went;
> The money he borrowed, the money he spent—
> All these things a man, I believe, may forget
> And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet,
> Never, never, oh never! Earth's luckiest sinner
> Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!

Black-out and Embroidery.—No doubt, his lines embody a material outlook, but it helps to confirm two views: that matters which all men would reckon as important in their lives, fade from memory and that memory can fail even in our most habituated routine. By a rough calculation I have so far shaved my face 17,550 times, and even in trench-warfare I rarely missed a day. It was a part of our discipline to shave in all circumstances. But one day in 1938, with no accountable distraction, I forgot to shave and went out shooting the stubbles with stubble on my chin. Oddly enough, I have still a vivid memory of the shame it caused me. If my memory failed me there once in a lifetime in that habituated routine, is it surprising that so tremendous a picture as the face of our first love—impressed on our memory half a century ago—might blur or grow distorted? The provenance of the ghost story is very much suspect through the frailty of human memory.

I have ceased to relate my own experiences of seeing ghosts because I have come to the conclusion that, vivid, simple, accurate and even convincing as were those occult experiences of childhood and early youth as first related, time has embroidered them, and, related now, they would bear as little similarity to the actual experience as would a message whispered in the game of Russian Scandal bear to the version spoken at the end of the chain. The tendency to embroider, to exploit, to enlarge, to make more pointed or topical by the use of imagination or research is too tempting.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit . . . si nuda. But human memory almost invariably is Truth's dressmaker. In one sense at least, Truth is not the daughter of Time.

Is Memory an Asset?—No man was ever safe from a conviction for absurdity who wrote and published his political pronouncements. Time was when public men could deny their most foolish pronouncements and rely on the accepted frailty of human memory to get away with those denials. But nowadays the spoken word is as dangerous as the written, since it is recorded in *Hansard* and on the discs and records of sound broadcasting. What songs the Syrens sang and what Gladstone said in 1879 will remain matters of speculation and will never now condemn the Syrens or the G.O.M. as indecent or imbecile. But the modern statesman has no such safeguard in the frailty of human memory. He can be exposed any day by a robot and would be a greater man if he sacrificed his tongue to the surgeon's knife. But the urge to talk, to advise and to prophesy, is too strong. He *knows* he is right and firmly believes that the robots will justify him. They won't, of course. His foresight and his wisdom are as frail as other men's, as frail as his memory.

THE PLAYHOUSE AT OXFORD MAY HAVE TO CLOSE: The Oxford City Council have withdrawn their grant to the famous theatre in Beaumont Street, and it is feared that it may have to close in the spring unless other help is forthcoming. It appears that with its present audience the theatre needs an annual subsidy of £3,000 to keep going. Half this sum may be provided by the Arts Council, providing the rest can be found by other means. Members of the University are exploring possibilities of raising the money.

And I wonder if a strong and vivid memory is, after all, such an asset. The poets are not united on that. Some have called it a crown of sorrows to remember happier things, and for men who have found life full of tragedy and disappointment and disillusion, I doubt not amnesia is a comfort and a solace. For those who have enjoyed every year of their lives, a vivid and retentive memory must make the final problem, the last chapter, the "passing-on" to another not well-defined destination, even grimmer than it must be.

If memory were like the sun-dial, recording accurately only the sunny hours, a good memory might indeed be present comfort. But memory is no sun-dial. It is neither dependable nor sunny. It is erratic and acrobatic. It is an old and shabby coat pocket and those of its exhibits which can be relied on as accurate are old halfpence, bus tickets and match ends. My own list, besides those odds and ends which I have listed, do indeed include two more bulky packages, one at least still useful. I can still repeat without mistake the roll-call of my private school during my first term, and I can still repeat with reasonable accuracy all the poetry I learned before my fourteenth year (and it was a lot), and most of the psalms and familiar hymns, and one complete lesson, without the aid of church manuals. Nevertheless, when I read that latest best-seller, *Seventy Glorious Years*, by Earl Blowhard, K.G., O.M., I read it with more than a grain of salt—with a cart load. It is a work of imagination and should be listed among the new novels or classed as advertising copy. Is memory reliable? Take a single example. How did Premier Asquith receive Mr. Bonar Law at the Wharf on a famous occasion? There are a variety of memories to choose from. Not one is precisely like another. Some totally contradict others. What is truth? If it lie at the bottom of the well of memory, that well is muddy.

SNOW AND SUNSHINE

Lunch in a Swiss Resort; with a Bentley in Cortina; and Ski-ing in Scotland

On left—

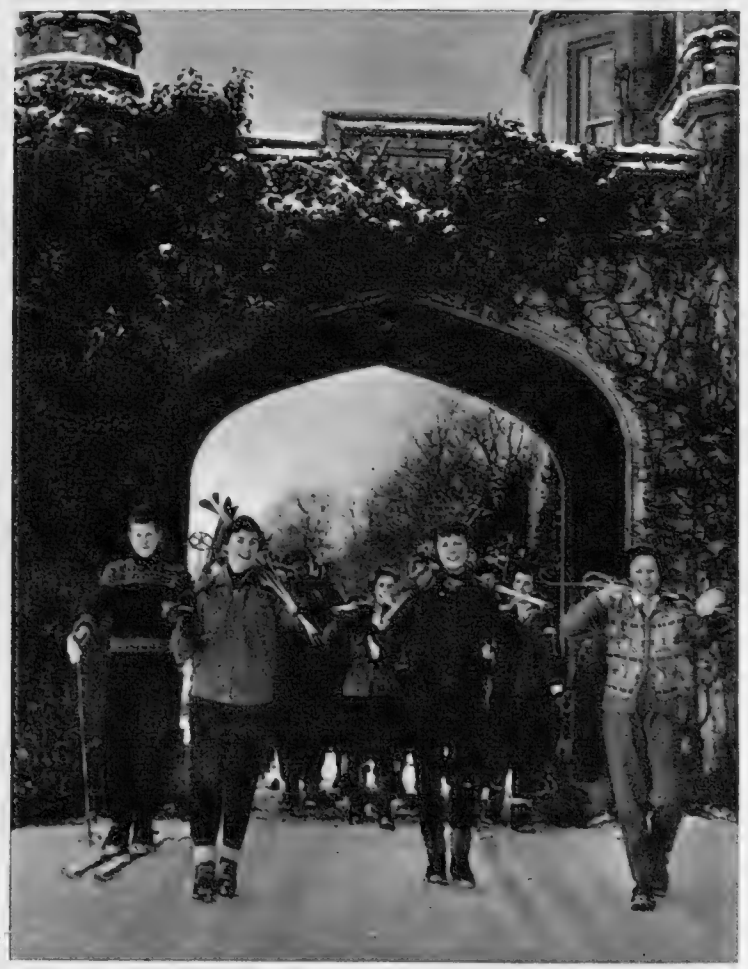
SANDWICHES IN THE SUN: Visitors to the Swiss resort of Kleine Scheidegg, in the Bernese Oberland, take a quick lunch in the warm sunshine. The beckoning, snow-covered slopes of the Jungfrau loom above the little station, adding to the charm and picturesque quality of the scene. Kleine Scheidegg is the junction for the Grindelwald line and the start of the Jungfrau railway.

Below—

SKIERS IN SCOTLAND: A party passes Fortingal Farm on its way to the slopes of Ben Lawers and nearby Carn Maraig, in Perthshire. The skiers were on a trip to the Scottish Highlands organised by Mr. Sandy Buchan, Warden of Edinburgh Bruntsfield Youth Hostel, for ski enthusiasts. The trips cost roughly 30s., including hire of skis.

BENTLEY IN CORTINA: The British Olympic bobsleigh team at Cortina D'Ampezzo use this 1922-vintage Bentley for local trips around the hilly streets of the resort. At the wheel is Stuart Parkinson with John Rainforth beside him and Christopher Williams in the back.

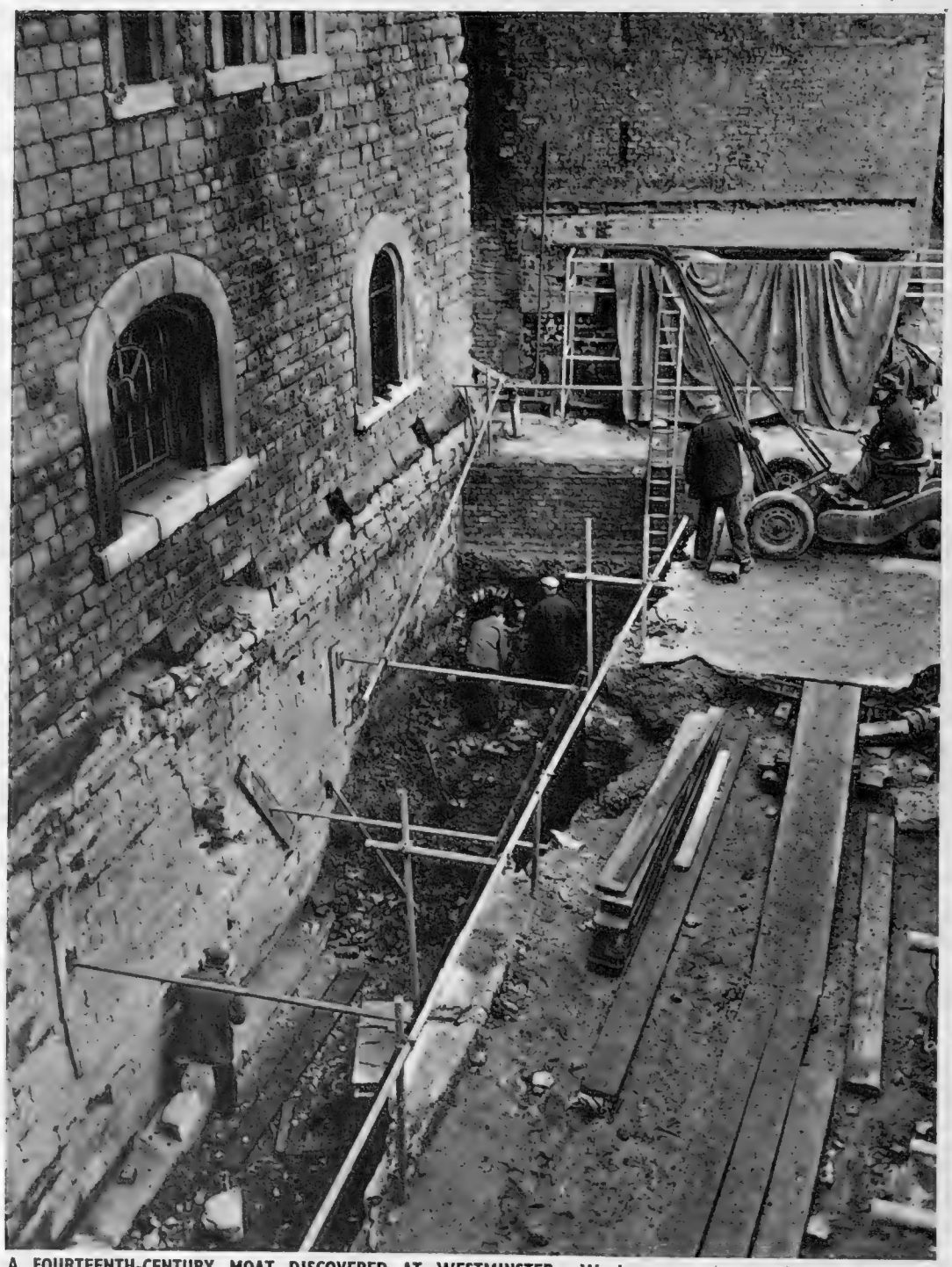
PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR FIRST LESSON: Members of an Edinburgh youth hostel party on a trip to the Scottish Highlands fit their skis before beginning their first instruction. The scheme organised by Mr. Buchan employs the services of an experienced ski instructor.



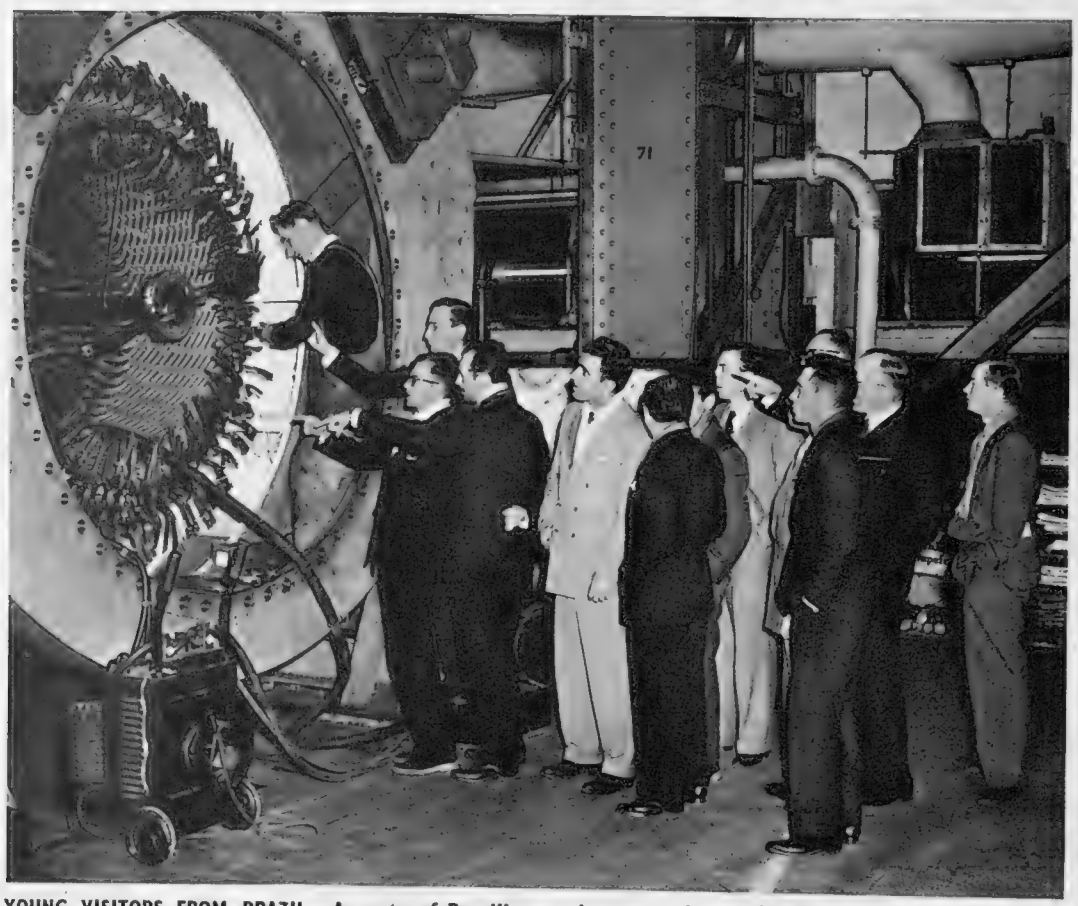
EN ROUTE FOR THE SLOPES: A group of Edinburgh skiers leaves the Garth Youth Hostel near the Perthshire village of Fortingal, where they stayed, for the ski slopes of Ben Lawers and Carn Maraig.

FROM ENGLAND AND WALES

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events at Home



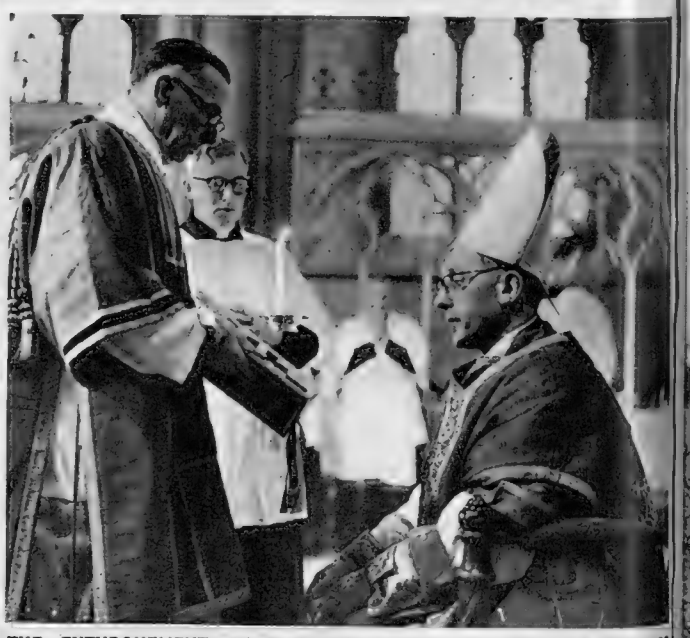
A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOAT DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER: Workmen are uncovering its structure, which they found while carrying out restoration work on the Jewel House, off Great College Street. The moat is 10 ft. deep and faced with stone, some of which has crumbled. This may explain why the moat was filled in. The lining walls are now being repaired. The Jewel House was built in the fourteenth century to hold the King's Treasure when the Court was in the Palace of Westminster.



YOUNG VISITORS FROM BRAZIL: A party of Brazilian students examines a 60-MW alternator stator at the Heavy Erection and Testing Shops of the English Electric Company in Stafford. The students are some of a group of thirty-nine from Brazil on a visit to Britain to see something of British life and industry. After sightseeing in London, they toured engineering and other plants in the Midlands.

A GALA BALLET IN MEMORY OF PAVLOVA: From the left are Margot Fonteyn, Alicia Markova and Yvette Chauvire, prima ballerina of the Paris Opera, who received bouquets after dancing at a special performance in London. They were three of the many dancers, some of them from abroad, who appeared in this tribute to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of Anna Pavlova's death.

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN IS TAKEN BY WATER: Lieut.-Commander Wray Bliss and his companion pass through Newbury on the Kennet and Avon Canal with a petition for the Queen. Signed by some 20,000 people, whose signatures are contained in two leather-bound volumes, it protests against the closing of the canal. It was planned to take it all the way to London by water.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF SALFORD: The Rt. Rev. G. A. Beck is seen reading the Gospel during the Solemn Pontifical Mass before the enthronement ceremony in Salford Cathedral. His enthronement by the Archbishop of Liverpool was witnessed by a large congregation, which included several other Roman Catholic bishops and a representative of Cardinal Griffin. Bishop Beck was formerly at Brentwood.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BARN IS CONVERTED INTO A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL : Men are seen at work inside the barn at Frimley, Surrey, which has now been converted into the town's first Roman Catholic Chapel. The barn, which stands in the grounds of a Queen Anne-style house, has, during its lifetime, been used as a stable and tool shed. Its conversion has cost £1,700, and this sum has been raised by subscriptions from Roman Catholics in the Camberley and Frimley district. The chapel was dedicated recently by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. The chapel's average Sunday congregation is about 170.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT FRIMLEY : A view looking down on the altar and showing some of the original beams which have been restored. The sanctuary of the chapel contains some sixteenth-century panelling.

GARDENS IN THE CITY OF LONDON WHICH MAY SOON DISAPPEAR : This patch of colour, with its brightly-painted wooden shops and its green lawns, has become familiar to those who pass up Ludgate Hill. The gardens were set up on a bomb-damaged site, which is now needed for re-development.

A MODEL LONGSHIP FOR AN ESSEX CHURCH : The Rev. L. Rooney, Vicar of St. Mary's Church, South Benfleet, is showing a model Viking craft which had just been presented to the church. This is the first memorial to be given to the church following the decision by the Parochial Church Council that no more tombstones should be erected in the churchyard, which is already crowded with monuments. Instead of the traditional memorials relatives are to be asked to give church furniture, vestments and other essential ornaments.

BEACHED OFF SUSSEX : The Greek cargo ship *Germania* lies beached off Langney Point, between Pevensey Bay and Eastbourne. She ran aground off Beachy Head last May and was brought to Langney Point a few weeks ago to undergo repairs. The final repairs to make her seaworthy are to be carried out in a near-by harbour.

AGROUND OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH WALES : Spectators gather on the beach at Aberavon, in Glamorgan, to examine the Italian ship *Maria Pompei*, lying almost high and dry off the shore at high tide. The vessel, of 2,370 tons, had been driven to the land by the fury of a high gale during the previous night.

A GREAT DISPLAY OF SILVER FOR SALE IN A DEEP VAULT IN THE HEART OF LONDON: It forms part of the stock of one of twenty-six firms dealing in silver in the air-conditioned vaults in Chancery Lane, W.C. Mr. Barry Langford, son of the owner of this vault, is showing some of the articles to Mrs. W. B. Cooper, of Beaumont, Texas, U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. L. Langford were the first owners to move into the vaults, after transferring their firm from Newbury, in Berkshire. The silver vaults were formerly used by solicitors for the storage of deeds and other documents. Although the buildings in Chancery Lane were badly damaged by wartime bombing, the vaults were unaffected.

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND SILVER MARKET

Twenty-six Firms Dealing in Silver Have their Showrooms in Deep Vaults in Chancery Lane

A MODERN ALADDIN'S CAVE: Through this doorway leading off the vault corridor the prospective buyer sees a wealth of silver on display. Antique and modern silver is on sale and the prices range upwards from a few shillings. The silver in the vaults is worth thousands of pounds. *On left*—A seven-ton door guards the vaults. It works on a combination system and it is impossible to open the door outside the 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. business hours.

IN SPLENDID ISOLATION: Standing on a spur of the Downs with a fine panorama of the weald and the sea around it, the unfinished chapel of Lancing College is one of the landmarks of that part of Sussex. The chapel was begun in 1868 and completed but for the west end. The "Friends of Lancing College" have launched an appeal to raise funds so that the work can be finished and the true beauty of the architecture revealed. The estimated cost of the scheme is £120,000, and although a substantial sum of money is in hand at the moment there remains a large amount to be collected. It is hoped to double the number of "Friends," at present 1,000 strong, and direct a special appeal for subscriptions to Old Boys of the school.

LANCING COLLEGE TO BE COMPLETED

The Chapel Should be Finished by 1968

RT IN THE CRYPT: The crypt of the chapel is used as the Art Room of the college, and is decorated with examples of the boys' work. Many of the boys are doing holiday work in order to raise funds for the College Building Appeal.

THE WEST END OF THE CHAPEL: During the work to be carried out in completing the chapel, the organ loft is to be moved back one bay, a distance of about 6 yards.

A LANDMARK IN RELIGION AND ARCHITECTURE: The magnificent tapestries behind the High Altar are said to be the largest in the world. The chapel has been described as "a landmark in the several territories of religion, education and architecture," and rivals the chancel of any English Cathedral.

CHOOSING A BASE FOR EXCURSIONS

The First of Two Articles Dealing Generally with Holidays Abroad; Suggestions for Sightseeing Centres in the Scandinavian and Benelux Countries, Germany and Switzerland

By GORDON COOPER

HOLIDAYS during which you stay at a chosen centre or base and make sightseeing excursions at will to surrounding places will appeal to many travellers. It is pleasant to sleep each night in the same bed, and not to be constantly packing and repacking. Your centre will probably be a city rather than a resort. You have a considerable choice of where to eat, and there is usually a variety of entertainments after dark. Excursions, too, are available in a wide range. Always enquire before leaving home or immediately on arrival what transportation concessions are available, such as short period season tickets on the railways.

NORWAY.—Oslo is, without a doubt, the only place in the country where you have sufficient interesting day-excursions to occupy you for some days. By fjord steamer you can explore the Oslofjord, with its coasts of Østfold and Vestfold dotted with resorts. The archæologically-minded will find on land in both provinces a wealth of historical associations, including burial mounds, barrows, monoliths, rock drawings and encampments dating from the Bronze and Viking Ages.

North of the capital, starting from nearby Frognerseteren, there are miles of path-walks in Nordmarka, a natural park covered with pine forests. It is, indeed, a wooded fairyland. A booklet giving walking itineraries (in English) is available gratis from the Holmenkollen Railway. Farther north is Lake Mjøsa, the largest lake in Norway, where a paddle-steamer, over a hundred years old, still goes strong. At the northern end of the lake is the well-known resort of Lillehammer, where you will find the remarkable open-air museum at Maihaugen. It is well worth the rather long day's excursion to reach it.

FINLAND.—There are some twenty different ways of travelling to Finland, full particulars being obtainable from Charles Gee and Co. (48, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3). The range of day-excursions from Helsinki, the only possible centre, is limited to sea trips in the archipelago and a tour through the South Finnish lake district. There are, however, a number of longer inclusive tours which cover the various scenic areas, especially the lakes, and even extend to the region north of the Arctic Circle, the country of the Lapps. Three organisations offer these inclusive tours: the Finnish State Railways, Finland Travel Bureau, and the Area Travel Agency. Then there is the Finnish Tourist Association, Helsinki, who can supply booklets and answer questions. Charles Gee also is helpful in this respect.

SWEDEN.—Like the other Northern countries, the capital is by far the best sightseeing centre. There is no need for me to tell of the attractions of Stockholm itself. In the immediate environs the beautiful seventeenth-century royal residence of Drottningholm, Millesgarden (the home and garden of the sculptor Carl Milles), and Saltsjöbaden, the principal resort in the Archipelago. Farther afield are Gripsholm (magnificent Royal Castle), Skokloster, also with its castle and interesting museum, and Uppsala, Sweden's most important university town; you can reach the last-named by steamer, returning by train.

DENMARK.—Copenhagen is the obvious choice as a centre. The city itself is most entertaining and interesting, while the Danes are, without a doubt, the friendliest people in Europe to strangers. Not least important is that you can have an enjoyable holiday at reasonable cost. Apart from sightseeing in the capital, there are excursions to North Zealand (Elsinore, Kronborg Castle, Fredensborg, Frederiksborg Palace) and to South Zealand (Dragor, Koge, the island of Mon).

West of Copenhagen are Roskilde (cathedral with the tombs of Danish kings of the last thousand years), Kalundborg and Trelleborg (Viking settlement and reconstructed fortress). Crossing the Great Belt to the island of Funen, there is a most attractive countryside, dotted with picturesque villages, medieval castles and manor-houses. There is also Odense (taking its name from "Odin"), with its enchanting Hans Andersen Museum and the thirteenth-century St. Knud's Church, the most striking Gothic building in Denmark. Then, east of the capital, you might care to make a day's excursion by air to the idyllic island of Bornholm.

HOLLAND.—There is no more rewarding country in Northern Europe than Holland for sightseeing holiday centres. The excellence of the train services is such that you hardly need a timetable—you just go to the station, wait possibly a few minutes, and take the next train to your destination. While Amsterdam, followed closely by The Hague, are the two main centres from which to make excursions, I suggest that Leyden should also be considered. Lying in the centre of various art cities, such as Gouda, Delft, Dordrecht, Haarlem, as well as Amsterdam, The Hague and Utrecht, it is also within easy reach of the sea and the two resorts of Katwijk and Noordwijk, both with excellent sands for bathing.

BELGIUM.—Among the various countries of Western Europe, only Belgium has not regained its pre-war tourist popularity. This is a great pity, especially as its art cities, which can stand comparison with those elsewhere and retain their medieval character to an amazing extent, are almost unknown to the new generation of travellers. I suggest, that a visit will bring delight, both to those who knew the country in the past and will find it little changed, and to newcomers.

With the use of a five- or ten-day season ticket, all the principal art cities and towns can be easily reached from Brussels as a base. In addition to Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges, make excursions to Tournai, Malines, Lierre and Louvain.

LUXEMBOURG.—Luxembourg City is a place of extraordinary interest and I cannot exaggerate the dramatic effect of its setting. It makes an ideal base from which to make some leisurely excursions—for the Grand Duchy is one of those rare countries where there is no need to hurry. It is, by the way, the ideal country for easy walking, and it has many marked footpaths.

Special places of interest are Mondorf-les-Bains (gorgeous gardens and a lively spa life), Echternach, famous for its Whit-Tuesday Dancing Procession, Diekirch, Clervaux, Larochette and Vianden. I would especially recommend the last two towns for those seeking a restful holiday.

GERMANY.—Medieval Lindau, on Lake Constance, is one of the liveliest and most picturesque of German holiday resorts, and it is also an excellent excursion centre. From it lake steamers bring you to nearby Bregenz (Vorarlberg), various Swiss ports, including Rorschach, whence St. Gall, one of the most delightful of Swiss cities, is easily reached, Constance, Ueberlingen and Meersburg. Near Constance is the island of Mainau, the property of the Swedish Royal Family, but open to the public. In its sub-tropical park are many rare trees and shrubs, while there is an outstanding rose garden. Then, when visiting romantically situated Meersburg, drink some *Meersburger Weisserbst*, a renowned local wine; it is a perfect complement to the lake salmon dishes.

North-west of Lindau is medieval Ravensburg, complete with ancient fortifications and containing some interesting historic buildings; four miles distant is the Abbey Church of Weingarten, noted for its rich baroque interior. East of Lindau a main road runs through the Allgäu Alps to Oberstdorf (popular resort) and Füssen (for King Ludwig's castles).

The little-known but attractive Bregenzerwald (Vorarlberg) can be easily reached by postal coaches from Bregenz. It is a land of sloping hills, flower-strewn meadows, fine mountains and curious villages.

As Lindau itself tends to get crowded in summer, you may prefer to stay at the Bad Schachen Hotel, not far distant on the mainland.

SWITZERLAND.—Thousands of tourists pass through the frontier station of Brig, but few stay there. Yet, it is possibly the best excursion centre in Switzerland. Fast electric trains run from it in every direction, while there are postal coach services which link the various valleys of the Valais with the main railway that runs through the Rhone valley. Zermatt, however, has its own branch railway running through the Alps, with a roaring river streaming down alongside the railway track. This is, in my opinion, the most scenic railway trip in Europe, not least because its climax brings a first glimpse of the mighty Matterhorn.

West of the Valais the main railway comes to Lake Geneva, with its well-known resorts and its lake steamer services. From Montreux there is also an exciting circuit by train on the Montreux–Oberland–Bernese Railway which brings you to the shores of Lake Thun, passing on the way famous resorts like Chateau d'Oex, Gstaad and Saanenmoser. From Spiez, the terminus, you can join a main line train that takes you through wild mountain scenery to Brig, by way of the Lotschberg Tunnel, whence the track descends in spirals to the Rhone valley.

Spiez can also be reached by another outstanding scenic route: from Brig to Gletsch by rail, then by postal coach to Meiringen, where you take train along the northern shore of Lake Brienz to Interlaken—an excursion to the Jungfraujoch is almost essential. You would then return to Brig by either of the routes mentioned in the last paragraph.

NORWAY—THE WELL-KNOWN RESORT OF LILLEHAMMER, ON LAKE MJØSA: It is at the northern end of the lake, which is more than 60 miles long. One of Lillehammer's attractions is the open-air museum at Maihaugen.

SWITZERLAND—THE LAKESIDE RESORT OF MONTREUX, ON LAKE GENEVA: Montreux is closely linked with Clarens, Territet and Chillon, and together they form one town. There are many well-known resorts on Lake Geneva.

RIOTS IN THE SCHOOLS OF NICOSIA

Young Boys and Girls Assault Police and Troops in the Worst Schoolboy Demonstrations in Cyprus

The return of the Governor of Cyprus from his consultations in London was marked by some of the fiercest schoolboy rioting ever experienced in Nicosia. As Sir John Harding was flying by helicopter from the airport to Government House several hundred children left their classrooms to demonstrate in the streets against the alleged ill-treatment of political prisoners. Boys stoned a mobile police patrol and troops, but they dispersed fairly quickly. A number, however, were arrested.

On the following day the boys returned to the fray with greater determination. Armed with large stones, iron railings and sticks, they left their classrooms and barricaded themselves inside the school playground and on the roof of the school building. The arrival of police and troops of the South Staffordshire Regiment was greeted by stones hurled by the children, among whom were a number of girls. It took an hour for the security forces to quell the riot, during which tear-gas was used and some of the boys were chased across the roof-tops. About 30 of the 300 pupils who took part in the riots were slightly injured. As on previous occasions when schoolchildren rioted, there were official reports that men in priests' clothing were inciting the young fanatics.

THE CITADEL ON THE ROOF OF THE SCHOOL: Schoolboys gather on the roof of the Pan-Cyprian Gymnasium in Nicosia, under the Greek flag, and armed with stones. The young hooligans caused a violent riot which lasted an hour.

MELODRAMA ON A NICOSIA ROOF-TOP: A boy, chased over the roofs by two British soldiers of the South Staffordshire Regiment, suddenly finds he is confronted by a third, and surrenders. About 300 children took part in the riots.

FENDERS ARE USED BY BRITISH TROOPS: The youngster is driven from the roof by soldiers armed with fenders and batons. The pupils were well supplied with stones and bottles, which they did not hesitate to use.

THE TRUANTS ARE MADE TO UNDO SOME OF THEIR DAMAGE: A party of schoolboys, rounded up after the riots had been quelled, are marched to the barricades set up by them earlier, and are made to demolish them.

CATCH AS CATCH CAN: A young Greek Cypriot, with a huge stone in his hand, races to avoid the oncoming Cyprus policemen outside his school buildings in Nicosia. In the distance are some of the British soldiers who were called on.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

LETTERS FROM HENRY JAMES

The Development of a Great Writer; Autobiographies of a Ghurka Officer and of a Journalist; July 1944; Novels from Britain, America and Germany

IT must be difficult for a professional writer, even when composing a letter to one of his most intimate friends, to dismiss the thought that one day such a letter might have a wider circulation, might be published and might, in consequence, be considered by more vigilant critics than the acquaintance or relation for whom it was first designed. Writers, of course, do write very good letters—though often not as good as artists'—and some authors are known to get themselves into trim for a working day by dashing off a clutch of letters first, as if that were a warming-up exercise.

Henry James, for instance, left about 7,000 letters when he died nearly forty years ago: letters to his family in his native America, letters to distinguished men and women, and letters to friends in France and England. Just a hundred and twenty of these have been selected by Mr. Leon Edel and arranged in seven groups, illustrating successive phases in James' own development as a writer and stylist. The earliest is one written to a schoolboy friend from Geneva, where James was studying himself, and the last is to "my dear Prime Minister and illustrious friend" Asquith, in 1915, when James applied for British naturalisation.

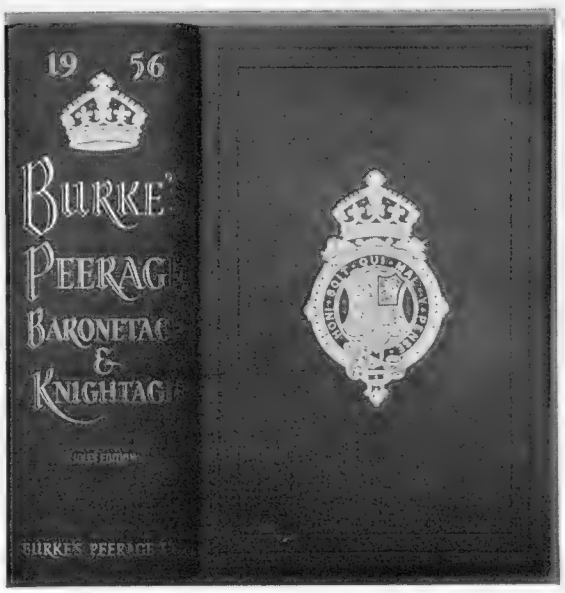
As letters should be, SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.) are greatly varied in mood as in content; they are highly personal in the sense that each is addressed to one friend and generally on one subject; and they are as revealing as a journal of the writer's character and inclinations.

Because of two earlier novels, *Nightrunners of Bengal* and *Bhowani Junction*, we know that Mr. John Masters is a novelist of real distinction. These remain memorable books no matter how many one has read subsequently. Now he has written a "personal adventure"; a factual story, as the author explains, but not a history, and the setting again is India from 1934 to the beginning of the Second World War. Mr. Masters is a member of the fifth generation of his family to serve in India, and his new book, autobiographical as it is, reveals not only the knowledge that he has had of that country since his youth, but the inherited store of understanding that has always been his.

BUGLES AND A TIGER (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is a record of Mr. Masters' experiences as a Ghurka officer and it is also a wonderful account of life in the last years of British India as you would see it if you were a young, efficient officer devoted to your regimental tradition and to your men, but at the same time extremely aware of, shall we say, the extra-curricular activities going on all about you. For instance, Mr. Masters has many dramatic and exciting descriptions of fighting on the North-West Frontier, but he evokes just as brilliantly the shooting of tiger or snipe, the *minutiae* of regimental ceremonials, or the position of English women on the fringes of the army life. "The fact was," he writes reflectively at one point, "that hill stations presented an unusual picture of a race that is supposed to be frigid." All in all, a magnificent book. Nostalgic is too weak a word for its emotional climate. Its tribute to the Ghurkas about whom the author quotes "bravest of the brave, most generous of the generous . . ." is unforgettable, too.

Mr. Noel Monks has been a newspaperman most of his adult life, from an early start on the Melbourne *Sun* to his present position as Services correspondent on the *Daily Mail* here. In that time he has "covered" hundreds of stories, from shipwrecks to the groundnuts scheme in East Africa, and from the Spanish Civil War to the Korean. He had the honour of being expelled from Hitler's Germany in 1939 and during the war served on fronts all over the world, often landing with the assault troops. EYE-WITNESS (Muller. 16s.) is therefore an apt title for his volume of autobiography which contains much good, crisp writing, many sturdily provocative statements and a few phrases which might well pass into the language such as the American term for the outbreak of a full-size row—"the porridge hit the fan."

THE SHIRT OF NESSUS (Cassell. 21s.) is the story of the plot to kill Hitler by a bomb hidden in a brief-case under his conference table, in July 1944. The plot failed in that Hitler, though permanently shaken, lived on till the next year, and the reprisals on the men who were suspected and even on the women and babies of their families were particularly savage and long drawn out. Mr. Constantine Fitz Gibbon has referred to many of the pertinent documents and writes not only of the assassination attempt but of the careers of the chief plotters whose aim, he points out, was to establish, after Hitler's death, an anti-Nazi Government in Germany.



A NEW EDITION OF A FAMOUS REFERENCE BOOK: This is the cover of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage* which has just been published for 1956 by Burke's Peerage Ltd. at 10 gns. The 101st edition of this genealogical and heraldic history has been edited by L. G. Pine, B.A., F.S.A. Scot., M.J.I. The book contains eighty-one more pages than its predecessor of 1953, for, as the editor points out in his preface, the British peerage is constantly increasing despite a fairly high rate of extinction. Among the special sections in the introduction are a list showing the Order of Succession to the Throne and an article on the Court of Chivalry.

For more than a century writers have found fertile ground in the discussion of family life and some recent writers of many-volumed sagas seem indeed to have been wholly preoccupied with it. It is easy enough to see their point, for a moderately big family can well include many of the more dramatic elements, somewhere between pity and terror and, after all, the majority of readers belong to families themselves. For good reasons women writers often feel the attraction of such a theme and a young recruit is Miss Clare Simon, whose second novel, OH, THE FAMILY! (Collins. 12s. 6d.) deals with a present-day father, mother and children living on a Sussex farm. The father farms, not too efficiently, and with an entirely intellectual approach to the idea of the good earth, and the mother, who has known other phases of enthusiasm, works away to make the house into something of a home for her two schoolboy sons, her landgirl daughter and the two older sons and their friends. I found it all absorbing reading, and occasionally very moving though, thinking it over, it seems that an almost Job-like luck attends all the characters. But Miss Simon has many of the marks of a born novelist and I shall look forward to reading her next book, on however domestic a subject.

SOLO (Gollancz. 15s.) is an American novel, the first by a young writer, Mr. Stanford Whitmore, who demonstrably knows a great deal about Chicago, where the scene is set, even more about the world of jazz-musicians and jazz-listeners, and a very respectable amount about the writing of a dramatic story. Mr. Whitmore's hero is an eccentric young man who describes himself as the last individual in the world, is a brilliant jazz-pianist and, by his almost total independence, makes himself as many enemies as fans. He is, however, an original creation and his story, told against this unusual and highly technical background, is as highly readable as it is dramatic.

Mr. Chard Powers Smith is another American novelist and in his long novel, THE ARTILLERY OF TIME (Macdonald. 18s.), he shows another aspect of the vitality of fiction over there. This is a different kind of family saga, one that concerns a New York State family in the middle decades of the last century. I should judge it accurately mirrors the political situation before and after the Civil War.

GUNNER ASCH GOES TO WAR (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 13s. 6d.) are further adventures of this sprightly figure whom Hans Hellmut Kirst has created in his trilogy of novels which together will make up a savage yet often comic satire on German military life. The setting of the present book is the Russian front where, during a hard winter, Gunner Asch and his pals succeed in establishing friendly relations with both the male and female natives until the whole situation is changed—and ruined as far as Asch is concerned—by the arrival of a new commanding officer with ideas about being bellicose. The admirable translation from the German is by Mr. Robert Kee.

There is only space to write very briefly about this week's thrillers but I would like to recommend each of the following, beginning with Patricia Highsmith's THE BLUNDERER (Cresset Press. 15s.), which, like her first novel, *Strangers on a Train*, is highly intelligent and highly original. THE FRAZER ACQUITTAL (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is the new Stephen Ransome, and this also has an American background and is both enjoyable and ingenious. THE CASE OF THE NEGLIGENT NYMPH (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is by Erle Stanley Gardner and has a faster moving plot. It has fewer of those lamentable attempts at heavy-handed humour than usual, and so is chosen to join this three-star list.

Margaret Trouncer has long established her reputation as a historical writer, especially on France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Her readers will certainly welcome a reprint of THE POMPADOUR (Hutchinson. 18s.), which was first published in 1937. The story of the notorious Royal mistress is told with an understanding both of the unhappy central figure and of the background of corrupt politics in which for a time she reigned supreme.

THE SCAMP FORD GREY

A Nineteenth-century Biography

Here is a real rogue and vagabond fellow who has hitherto escaped the historical biographer's net. It is hard to understand why Ford Grey, 1st Earl of Tankerville, has done so. Perhaps he went so far astray that nineteenth-century writers thought it best to leave this scandalous seventeenth-century character very much alone. Ford Grey did many shameful things; he seduced and abducted his sister-in-law, he was involved in the Rye House Plot and committed to the Tower, and he managed to get the Habeas Corpus Act through the House of Lords by cheating when acting as a teller.

Cecil Price gives his racy biography the title of COLD CALEB (Andrew Melrose. 18s.). He neither whitewashes his subject nor pretends to be shocked at him. He presents the extraordinary facts about this notable scamp who was perhaps not quite the villain he has been made out to be. For eight years of his life Ford Grey bestrode the political scene, always energetic, usually heartless, for ever plotting, and most of the time eluding disaster by some last-minute stratagem. In many ways he was a paradoxical figure. He considered political discussions to be tedious discourses, but made some of the finest speeches of his day. He was accused of seduction and adultery, but was the leading figure in a faction representing the old puritan outlook.

On the field of battle he was regarded as a coward, and yet it is on record that on certain occasions he behaved with much courage. Altogether Cold Caleb was quite a character. Mr. Price has succeeded in presenting a most vivid portrait of a man who was consistent perhaps only in his love of life, and recognised from his youth that there was much to experience, be it wenching or argumentation. He found, above all, æsthetic satisfaction in language and in dress. His brazen impudence was something his own times found intolerable; in this age it helps to bring him marvellously to life. Perhaps the real talent of this man was wasted in the daily round of political opposition—which at any time is only good for a politician in small doses.

The world will probably now never know what happened to Charles Bravo, wealthy thirty-year-old barrister-at-law, when he returned to his home in the leafy lanes of Balham on April 18, 1876. Certain it is that this handsome newly-wed was found only a few hours later dying from an overdose of antimony. How it was administered neither the first nor second inquest revealed, but the Bravo mystery has continued to keep its proud position as the prize puzzle of British criminal jurisprudence. Yseult Bridges has written a chronicle of this Victorian *cause célèbre*, which will interest lawyers and laymen alike. HOW CHARLES BRAVO DIED (Jarrolds. 21s.) is a most intriguing volume, showing very clearly the extent to which major criminal cases can constitute a valuable part of our social history.

That little classic of the public school and academic life in the Victorian age, *Victorian Eton and Cambridge*, made its appearance in 1927. It told of the life and times of Oscar Browning, a life so torn with controversy, so dimmed with fable, but so completely fascinating that many people who had never even heard of Oscar Browning and his reforming zeal delighted in its pages. H. E. Wortham's VICTORIAN ETON AND CAMBRIDGE (Arthur Barker. 21s.) now appears in a new and welcome edition.

This story of Everest goes on. It is told by the chief protagonists, retold by their friends and fellow mountaineers, and retold again for young and old by professional story-tellers. The public is taking the assault well enough. THE EPIC OF EVEREST (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) has the merit of being well and concisely written, factually correct, and highly dramatic. It adds nothing to the sum total of our knowledge of the world's highest peak and the assault upon it. But Leonard Wibberley has sought with some success to put the whole vast effort over the years into historical perspective.

Walking out from blitzed Swansea to Mumbles Head, through Norton and Oystermouth, and on past Langland Bay, with its solid respectable villas, it would be hard for the stranger to visualise the natural glories that lie ahead. First is quiet Oxwich, where the picnic parties go, and then far to the west comes the broad, golden sweep of Rhosili Bay. Here on this Gower coast is rare enchantment. Olive Phillips, who knows and loves Wales and the marchland so well, has done it full justice in her charming addition to the Regional Books. GOWER (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a pageant of great variety, with a backcloth of sea, and cliffs, quiet green fields and dark, remote mountains. The book is illustrated with a sketch-map of Gower and many full-page photographs.

WHEN BADGERS WAKE (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 20s.) is the work of Eileen A. Soper, who presents the record of a colony of badgers over a consecutive period of four years. The author has devoted over 1,000 hours to the tasks of observation. The evidence that she gives of their way of life is not only fascinating, but possesses a high degree of reliability.

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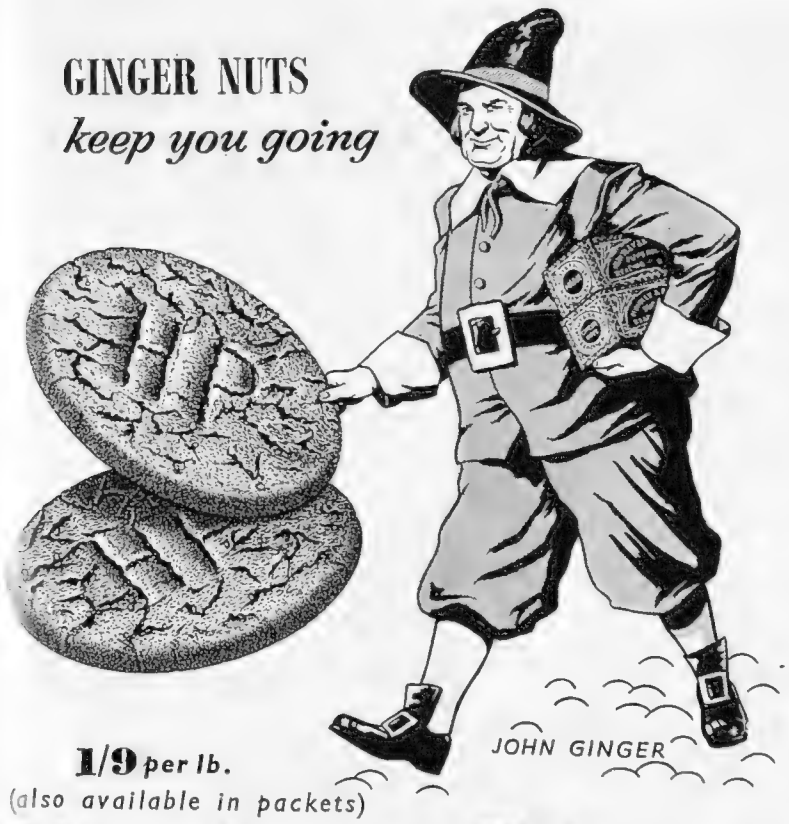

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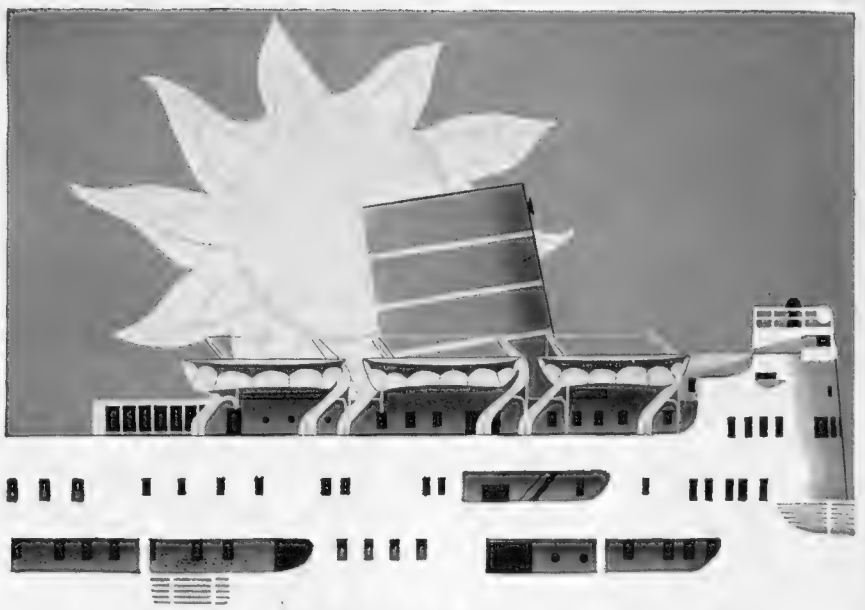

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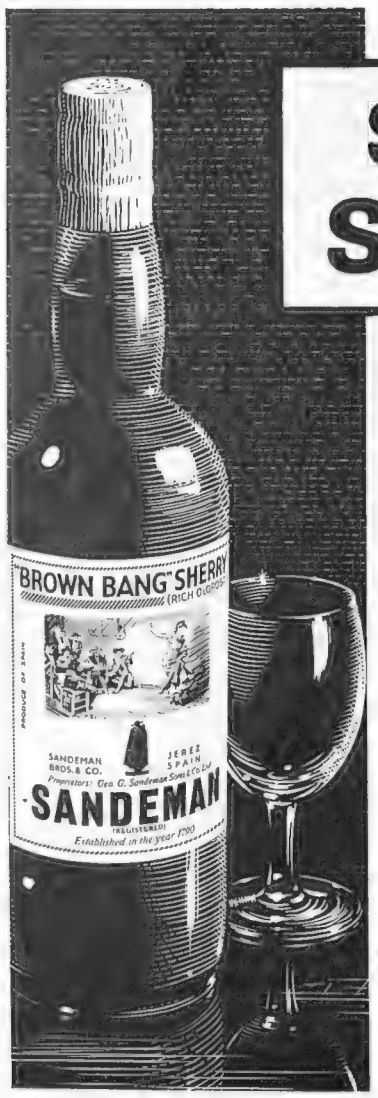

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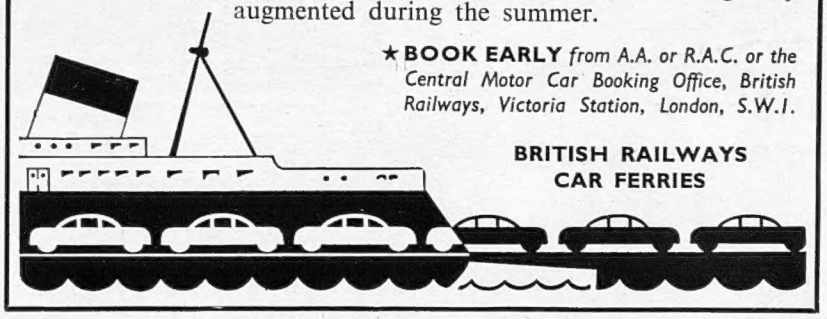

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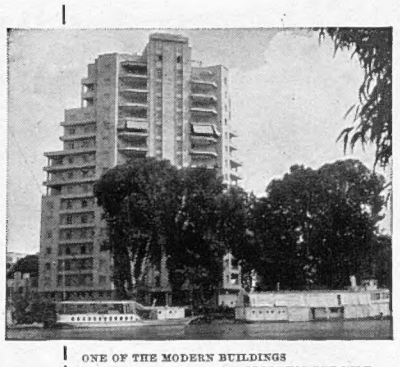

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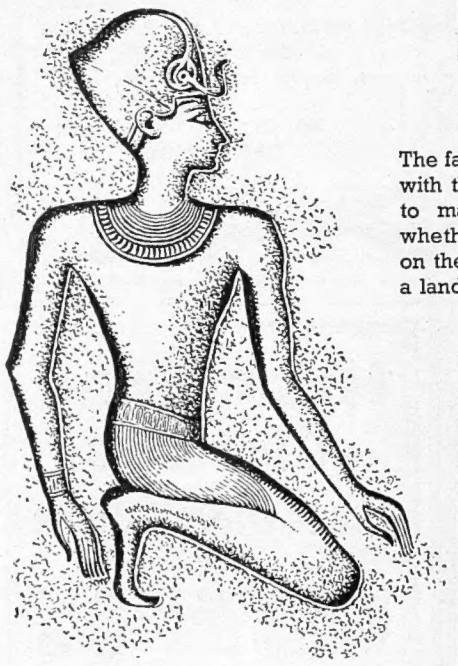

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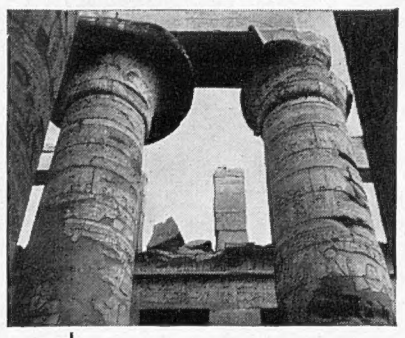

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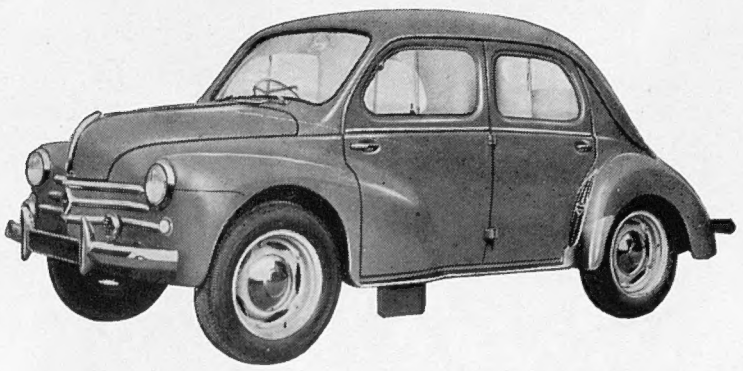

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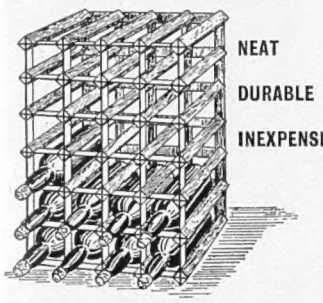

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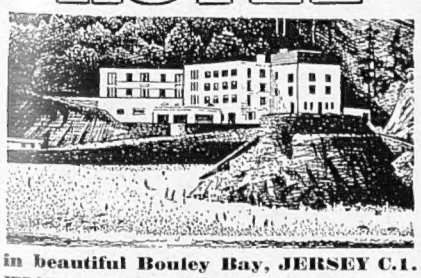

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ASK MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY

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(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

SANDEMAN

SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

One trip the Romans avoided

TO CARRY ONE'S BRIDE over the threshold was an old Roman custom. The aim was to thwart evil spirits who lurked at the door and tried to trip the bride. When modern grooms observe this ritual, few of them realise its symbolism of protection.

But modern men of business are well aware of the need for protection of another kind. When a product goes to market nowadays it must be well packaged. Failure of the package is as serious as failure of the product itself. So to safeguard his goods and his reputation the manufacturer takes care to select the best packaging he can get. And his first choice is usually cartons made of "Thames Board", and "Fiberite" cases.

Every manufacturer wants his goods to reach the user in the condition in which they came off the production line. In cartons of "Thames Board", and "Fiberite" cases they stand up to the chances and changes of their journey. Nothing less is acceptable when the user's satisfaction and the maker's good name are at stake.

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1956. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.